

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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MISS NELLY BROMLEY AS 'FLOSSY' IN THE "BLACK PRINCE."



# "Waes Hael!"

BEING THE  
CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
OF

## THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS,

Will be issued on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874,  
AND WILL COMPRISE A  
Large Engraving, from a Picture by W. HOLYOAKE, entitled  
"THE OVERTURE,"  
AND

TWO SHEETS of  
PICTURES, POEMS, TALES, SKETCHES, &c.,  
OF SPORT, ADVENTURE, AND THE DRAMA.

### ILLUSTRATIONS:—

BRINGING IN THE WASSAIL BOWL	H. S. MARKS, A.R.A.
A DAY WITH A SCRATCH PACK OF DRAG HOUNDS	MISS G. BOWERS
CHRISTMAS MASKS	EDWIN BUCKMAN
CELEBRATED ACTORS IN UNSUITABLE PARTS	MATT. STRETCH
NO HUNTING TO-DAY!	J. STURGES
VICTORY	SIGNOR ARMANINO
DEATH	"
SOME FAMOUS CLOWNS	F. VILLIERS
DRESSING THE FAIRY	W. GUNSTON
LOVE'S VICTORY	DOWER WILSON
PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME: NOTES AT DRURY LANE	F. VILLIERS
WINTER CRICKET—ON THE HEARTH	W. MORGAN
THE HUNTER'S DREAM	R. H. MOORE
CHRISTMAS IN CEYLON	ALEXANDRE DE BAR
&c. &c. &c.	

### THE LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

WILL INCLUDE:—

WILLIAM BROWN OF OREGON	JOACHIM MILLER
MY FALL—AND RISE	MRS. LYNN LINTON
WAES HÆL!	"AMPHION"
A COUNTRY BUMPKIN'S STORY	WAT BRADWOOD
BAYED BY BULL-DOGS	CAPT. MAYNE REID
THE ALBION'S LAST MATCH	DIXON KEMP
AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA	THE OLD SHEKARRY
A QUIET RUBBER	R. B. WORMALD
A RIDE FOR A RING	J. NEVILLE FITT
MR. ROBERT ROMER'S OTHELO	EDWARD DRAPER
BILLY PURVIS	C. H. STEPHENSON
THE GAUCHO'S REVENGE	ALFRED GERRY
SHYLOCK'S DAUGHTER	SYDNEY FRENCH
A LYRICAL LOVER	SAVILLE CLARKE
LUCY'S LOVE LESSON	JOHN LAFAY, JUN.
HOW WE WON THE MATCH	BYRON WEBBER

A PAPER BY E. A. SOTHERN (Lord Dundreary), and Contributions by Captain CRAWLEY, W. H. GARRETT, F. STAINFORTH, L. H. F. DU TERREAU, SYDENHAM DIXON, ALFRED WATSON, W. H. SMITH, &c. &c.

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### THEATRES.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—On Monday, Dec. 14, for the BENEFIT of Mr. JAMES ANDERSON. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Tuesday, BENEFIT of Mr. CRESWICK. HAMLET. Wednesday, BENEFIT of Miss WALLIS. ROMEO AND JULIET. Thursday, HAMLET. Friday, ROMEO AND JULIET. Preceded each evening by TEN OF 'EM. To conclude with HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

**LYCEUM.**—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.—THIS AND EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Oseir, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pouncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

**HAMLET.**—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.—THE TWO ORPHANS, the most successful Drama of the day. Mr. H. Neville and Miss Fowler as Pierre and Louise. EVERY EVENING at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Preceded at 7 by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Doors open at 6.30.

**GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANCIS FAIRLIE.—Continued Success of EAST LYNNE. Poole's Burlesque of HAMLET nightly received with the utmost enthusiasm. The Drama at 7; the Burlesque at 9. Followed by the farce, A TRIP TO BRIGHTON.—Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the box-office of the Theatre from 11 to 5 daily, and at all the Libraries.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS. Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Graham, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS. Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

**CHARING CROSS THEATRE.**—LYDIA THOMPSON IN BLUE BEARD, EVERY EVENING. The acknowledged Success of the Season.

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**BLUE BEARD.**—YOU'RE A FRAUD, nightly Encored five times. Lydia Thompson's artistic and refined acting and singing, the broad humour of Mr. Lionel Brough, the wonderfully extravagant ability of Mr. Willie Edouin, the marvellous Protean changes of Mr. Morris, and the general completeness of the production of BLUE BEARD draws all London.

**VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.**—On MONDAY, and during the week, at 7, LEGACY LOVE. At 7.45, James Albery's admired Comedy, TWO ROSES. Concluding with, at 10, revival of the celebrated Classical Burlesque, ROMULUS AND REMUS, by R. Reece. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, Edward Righton, Bernard, Lestock, Austin, and David James; Mesdames Roselle, Kate Bishop, Kate Phillips (by the kind permission of Mrs. Swanborough), Cicely Richards, E. Palmer, Lang, Brittain, and Sophie Larkin. —Acting Manager, Mr. D. M'KAY.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, King Street, Pall Mall.**—Lessee, Mrs. JOHN WOOD. Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to STEPHEN FISKE, 23, King Street, St. James's, Actual and Responsible Manager.—Production of the Comic Drama, by W. Hartopp, Esq., ECLIPSING THE SON. The performance will commence every evening at 7.30 with the Comic Drama, ECLIPSING THE SON. Mr. Huntly, Mr. C. Campbell; Mr. Barkin, sen., Mr. J. L. Hall; Mr. Barkin, jun., Mr. C. W. Norton; John, Mr. Belville; Mrs. Simperton, Mrs. Johnston; Lucy, Miss Emily Duncan. Concluding with H. B. Farnie's successful Comedy-Bouffe, THE BLACK PRINCE (50th night on Friday, December 18). Supported by Messrs. Hall, Rouse, Norton, Vernon, Campbell, Clifford, and Chatterton; Mesdames Selina Dolaro, Emily Duncan, D'Aquilar, Verner, and Nelly Bromley.—Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Box-office open from 11 till 5, under the direction of Mr. J. W. Curran.—C. H. BROWN, Manager.

**CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.**—Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Catherine Lewis, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Last two weeks of SHIP AHOY! and HAND AND GLOVE.—In consequence of the stage being required for the production of the great Pantomime, this Theatre will close after Saturday, December 12.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Sole and responsible Manager, W. HOLLAND, the People's Caterer. Special Notice.—Every Evening, HAND AND GLOVE, at 7. SHIP AHOY! at 9. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Last two weeks.

**ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.**—Manager, Mr. JOHN BAUM.—Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, LE ROI CAROTTE. Libretto by Henry S. Leigh. Principal artists: Miss Elsie Weber (her first appearance here), Mlle. Rose Bell, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie; Messrs. Harry Paulton, Melbourne, Worboys, Clifton, &c. &c.

**ALHAMBRA GRAND SPECTACLE.**—Magic Effects. Grand Ballets in LE ROI CAROTTE. Prices as usual. Box-office open from 11 to 11. No charge for booking. On Boxing Night will be produced Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

**PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.**—Grand Operatic Success.—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.—At 7.30, THE TWO GREYHOUNDS. At 8.20, the 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, and 69th nights of Lecocq's Great Opera, GIROFLE-GIROFLA. Miss JULIA MATHEWS; Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Everard, and Manetti; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, E. M. Gardin, J. Murray, and Hollingsworth. Gorgeous costumes; splendid scenery by P. Lloyds. Conductor, M. RIVIERE. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed. Private Boxes and Fanteuils at all the Libraries.

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**MARYLEBONE THEATRE.**—Three minutes from Edgware Road Station, Metropolitan Theatre.—Mr. J. A. CAVE'S ANNUAL BENEFIT, MONDAY, December 14, and last night of performing before Christmas Eve. The principal Artists and the whole of the Band of the Metropolitan Music Hall, by the kind permission of Walter Gooch, Esq., also Stars of the Music Halls, under the direction of Mr. A. Maynard. Mr. Ch. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will appear; and Mr. J. A. Cave will appear in a buffo scene, the performance consisting of Grand Concert, Opéra-Bouffe, Farce, and Drama. Upwards of 60 artists.

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**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.**—Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND, the great Australian Actress, and Mr. PENNINGTON, the eminent Tragedian.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), MACBETH, and the Comedy of THE HONEYMOON.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—CALENDAR for Week ending DECEMBER 19, 1874.

TUESDAY, Dec. 15.—English Comedies (Last of the Series). Lord Lytton's LADY OF LYONS. For Cast see Daily Papers.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16.—Instrumental Concert. Special Orchestral Selection.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17.—Mr. Charles Wyndham's Benefit. Shakspeare's AS YOU LIKE IT, with exceptionally powerful cast, for which see Daily Papers.

SATURDAY, Dec. 19.—Concert. Sir F. Gore Ouseley's Oratorio, HAGAR. Mesdames Wynne, Patey, &c.; Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Patey, &c.

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**MISS KATE SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.**—In consequence of the unqualified success of Mr. Frederic Clay's new opera, CATTARINA, Miss Santley has decided to prolong her Tour. Unexampled success of Miss Santley's new song, "It is so like the Men." Trebly encored in Mr. Clay's new opera, CATTARINA.

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&c. &c. &c. to follow.  
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**MASKELYNE & COOKE.**—FIFTH WEEK of the NEW SEANCE. EVERY DAY at Three, EVERY NIGHT at Eight, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission from 5s. to 1s. Box-office open from 10 till 5, and seats can be booked at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street, and all Agents.

**MASKELYNE & COOKE.**—NEW DRAWING-ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL.—W. MORTON, Manager.—Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. The Times of November 12th, 1874, says:—"Many people, no doubt, believe in the medium, but more, we expect, in Maskelyne and Cooke. The former cheats us, telling us that it is all real and true, whereas, if we cannot believe, we wax angry. The latter cheats us, tricks us out of our senses, fools us to the top of our bent, telling us all the time that he is doing that and nothing else, and at this we are pleased, and, leaving, tell our friends to go and be pleased likewise. That they do go and are pleased we have abundant evidence in the length of time it has seemed good for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to stay in the same place, and this, too, we hold to be good proof that it must be as pleasant for these gentlemen to cheat us as it apparently is for us to be cheated. Everybody, sceptic or believer, should go at once to the Egyptian Hall."

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

### MISS NELLY BROMLEY.

AMONGST those of our younger actresses who have won for themselves the name of "artist," in connection with comedy of a light and pleasant kind, respectable burlesque, and superior opéra-bouffe, Miss Nelly Bromley holds a deservedly distinct and steadily rising position. She is by no means ill-favoured, as a glance at our portrait will show, her style of acting is intelligently *piquante*, and she possesses a voice of uncommon sweetness and capacity. When that is said, enough is put forth to enlist the interest of the playgoing public, even if the attractive subject of this brief notice was not known to be one of the most zealous students of her art in the profession.

Miss Nelly Bromley may be said to have been born on the stage. Her mother, the late Miss Eleanor Bromley, was a popular actress of exceptional experience, in fact about the footlights all her life. Her last engagement was at the Olympic, during (her daughter thinks) Mr. Horace Wigan's management. Whether or not she played in all the burlesques with which the late Mr. Robson took the town, we have no doubt that those of our readers who cherish recollections of the old Olympic days will remember Miss Eleanor Bufton's 'Princess' in the *Yellow Dwarf*, and 'Creusa' in *Medea*. Miss Nelly Bromley made her first appearance at the Royalty as 'Dolly Mayflower' in Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan* in the year 1866. Dolly is not a great part, but it was impersonated in a manner that foreshadowed the subsequent success of the young *débütante* in more ambitious undertakings. She afterwards accompanied Mr. Sothorn in one of his provincial tours, winning new friends and admirers by her acting in *Home*, *The American Cousin*, and other pieces. Her reappearance in London was at the Court, in a piece called *Which is Which?* by Theyre Smith. She remained more than a year at the little house in Sloane Street, and, after another appearance at the Royalty, where her delightfully *naïve* singing of a little French song roused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm, she went to the Olympic and took a part in *Maggie Dorme*. From the Olympic she went to the Strand—at which house she was identified with the long runs of *Nemesis*, *Eldorado*, and *Old Soldiers*—and from thence to the St. James's, where she now is, playing the part of 'Flossy' in an opéra-bouffe, whose only drawback is geographical. Had the *Black Prince* been produced in any of the houses Strandwards, we should have heard more about it. However, we are glad to be able to say that the impersonation of Miss Bromley shows, especially in the vocal part of it, that she has made a great advance in her art since her first appearance on the stage.

### The Drama.

MANAGERS, already fully occupied with the elaborate preparations for their holiday entertainments, seldom alter their programmes at a period almost on the eve of Christmas, and more especially while the "Cattle Show" is on, when their houses are certain to be well patronised by the provincial visitors to the annual display at Islington. Yet an unusually large number of changes have to be noted as having been made in the bills of various theatres during the week. These changes, however, with one exception, consist of revivals, as will appear in the course of our summary.

At the Gaiety *matinée* on Saturday, Lecocq's *Giroflé-Girofla* was again represented for the second time by the Philharmonic company, and the evening was signalled by two events, notices of which appear in another column, viz., the opening of Hengler's Grand Circus in Argyll Street, with a most excellent company, of which the prince of circus drolls and popular favourite "Little Sandy," is still a member; and with a well-varied and attractive programme of entertainments, the most interesting feature of which is the truly elegant performance of Señorita Millieturnom on the trapeze bar, and her descent from which is unique for the exquisite grace and poetry of motion with which it is accomplished; and the revival of the melodrama *The Prayer in the Storm*, and production of a new "arithmetical comedy" in one act, by Mr. John Oxenford, and whimsically entitled "*£456 11s. 3d.*," at the Adelphi.

At the Vaudeville, where the *Two Roses* continues the principal feature in the bill, Mr. Reece's classical burlesque *Romulus and Remus* with the managers Messrs. James and Thorne in their old parts of the Roman brothers, and Miss Kate Bishop in Miss Nelly Power's part of 'Apollo,' was revived on Monday in succession to the pleasant little piece *Green Old Age*.

On the same evening the bill of the Opéra Comique was strengthened by the revival of Mr. H. J. Byron's three act comedy *War to the Knife*, and which now forms a more fitting prelude to Mr. Burnand's opéra-bouffe *Twice Re-wheeled*, than the comedietta with which it was first preceded. *War to the Knife* was first produced about nine years ago at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, when the principal characters were sustained by Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Fanny Josephs, Mr. John Clarke, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Dewar. In the present cast Miss Rose Berens and Miss E. Bufton are the young wife 'Mrs. Harcourt,' and her friend the 'Widow Delacour,' Mr. Jarvis represents 'Mr. Harcourt,' Mr. J. D. Stoylo, the comic greengrocer and occasional waiter 'Nubly,' Mr. H. Farrell is the scheming 'Captain Thistleton,' Mr. Harry Crouch and Miss Bella Goodall make their first appearance at this theatre, and effectually support the respective characters of the country cousin 'John Blunt' and the lady's maid 'Mrs. Pearson,' and Miss Julia Volkins is the other waiting maid, 'Jane Trunnion.'

*The Black Prince*, so dauntily put on the stage at the St.

James's, is greatly improved since the first night, and is now both amusing, from its humorous incidents, and pleasing from the light sparkle of the music, though for the last few evenings some of the prettiest and most effective concerted pieces suffered considerably from the absence, through illness, of the tenor, Mr. Chatterton, whose part, 'Vivian Gale,' of the Royal Navy, is enacted, and very pleasingly, by Miss Emily Duncan, who, however, omits the singing. The comedy-bouffe is now preceded by a comic drama, or to be more appropriately designated, a broad farce by W. Hartop, entitled *Eclipsing the Son*, which was produced for the first time in London on Tuesday evening. There are two or three really good situations towards the end of the piece, but on the first representation, either from defective construction or insufficient rehearsal, the early portion dragged heavily, and the plot, by no means complicated, seemed confused. The situations just alluded to, arise from the contest between Barkin, senior, and Barkin, junior, father and son, for the hand of the same lady—the former gaining the first triumph by representing himself as his own son, who, however, soon turns the tables on him by disguising himself as his own father, and denouncing his pretended son as a spendthrift, and unworthy of the lady's choice. At this moment an old flame of the elder Lothario enters in search of him, and Barkin, senior, again turns the tables in his own favour by acknowledging his disguised son as his father, who is at once laid hold of by the sentimental, but vixenish, deserted damsel—mutual explanations, however, soon restore harmony, and all ends well. Mr. J. L. Hall made the most of 'Barkin, sen.,' but Mr. Norton, as the son, is not seen to such advantage as in the character of the stammering swell in *The Black Prince*. He, however, in the scene when disguised as his father, carried out the assumption cleverly.

At Drury Lane, for the convenience of provincial visitors to the Cattle Show, a day performance took place on Wednesday of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, which will be represented for the last time to-night, and the first three evenings of next week will be devoted to benefits. On Monday that of Mr. James Anderson, who will essay for the first time the part of 'Falstaff' in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. On Tuesday that of Mr. Creswick, who will appear as 'Hamlet' for the first time at this theatre; and on Wednesday that of Miss Wallis, who has selected *Romeo and Juliet*, in which she will be the 'Juliet.'

At the Holborn, which closes to-night to make preparations for the production of a pantomime on boxing night, Wednesday and Thursday evenings were devoted to the benefit of Mr. James Guiver. The current programme of *A Roland for an Oliver*, and the sporting drama of *Newmarket* being strengthened on both evenings by additional attractions, including the amusing comedy *Green Old Age* by the Vaudeville Company; a recitation by Mr. Lin Rayne; a scene from *King John*, with the clever young girl, Miss Eugénie Forbes, as 'Prince Arthur,' and a selection by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

The fifth and sixth of the new series of dramatic performances at the Crystal Palace took place on Tuesday and Thursday, and consisted of Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase*, with Miss Fowler as 'Constance,' Mrs. Stirling as the 'Widow Green'; Mr. Charles Wyndham as 'Wildrake,' and Mr. W. H. Stephens as 'Sir William Fondlove.' Miss Carlisle, Mr. C. Sugden, and Mr. E. F. Edgar also appeared in the cast.

There has been another week of the legitimate at the Standard, where Mr. Pennington and Miss Dolores Drummond have appeared on Saturday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in *Macbeth* and *The Honey-moon*; on Monday and Thursday in *The Lady of Lyons* and *The Stranger*, and last night in *Hamlet*. At the Marylebone, Mr. J. H. Allen, the American tragedian, played a farewell engagement, appearing during the week as 'Quintin Matsys' in the drama of *Forst of the Red Hand, or the Blacksmith of Antwerp*, which was nightly followed by *The Vulture's Glen*. To-night, the last night but one of performing until the production of the pantomime on Christmas Eve, *Macbeth* will be represented. To-day, at the Gaiety *matinée*, *Giroflé-Girofla* will be performed for the third and last time by the Philharmonic company.—A special morning performance of Mr. Byron's comedy, *Old Sailors*, and *Loo*; or, *The Party who took Miss*, will be given at the Strand Theatre, and Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* will be represented this afternoon, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. The cast will include Miss Helen Faucit (Mrs. Theodore Martin) as 'Beatrice'; Miss Minnie Walton as 'Hero'; Miss Eleanor Bufton as 'Margaret'; Miss E. Farren as 'Ursula'; Mr. Creswick as 'Benedict'; Mr. James Fernandez as 'Don Pedro'; Mr. C. Wyndham as 'Claudio'; Mr. Compton as 'Dogberry'; Mr. E. Righton as 'Verges'; Mr. Maclean as the 'Friar'; &c. &c.—To-night the last performance of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* takes place at Drury Lane, of *Newmarket* at the Holborn, and of *Hand and Glove* and *Ship Ahoy!* at the Surrey.

### ADELPHI.

#### NEW ARITHMETICAL COMEDY.

THE programme of the Adelphi underwent an almost entire change on Saturday last. Mr. Rowe's romantic drama, *The Geneva Cross* after a successful run, having been withdrawn on Friday night, was replaced on Saturday by the melodrama, *The Prayer in the Storm*, which has been again revived, and with nearly the same cast with which it was represented here during the summer, Miss Genevieve Ward resuming her dual impersonations of 'Blanche de Valois' and 'Unarita,' supported as before by Mr. Fernandez as the unscrupulous 'Don Pedro'; Mr. Howard Russell as 'Jules de Valois'; Mr. Augustus Glover as 'Pompus'; Mr. Shore as 'Roland de Feval'; and Miss Edith Stuart as the 'Countess de Brissac';—the only essential change being that Mr. Moreland now sustains, and with great humour and efficiency, the part of the eccentric sailor 'Putney Bill' instead of Mr. Brittain Wright, who is suffering from the effects of a severe accident. The melodrama, which with its interesting incidents and spectacular effects is likely to again renew its recent triumphs here, was preceded by a new "arithmetical comedy," in one act, by Mr. John Oxenford, bearing the singular and very prosaic title of "*£456 11s. 3d.*" Although extravagant and improbable the little piece is highly amusing, and provokes continuous laughter. M. Lesombre an eccentric and irascible old French gentleman resident in this country with his English wife and their daughter, now exactly twenty years of age and on the point of marriage, has been for years sadly troubled, and his life rendered almost unendurable, through a systematic course of petty larceny to which he has been subject, which he utterly fails to detect or prevent. Every day regularly, for twenty years, he misses from his purse the petty sum of one shilling and three-pence, and even—as he despairingly tells his old friend and school-fellow Jolliboy, who suggests the expedient of placing only one and twopence in his purse, that he had long ago tried this plan and found the purse emptied, and one and fourpence abstracted the following day to make up the deficiency—all efforts are fruitless to discover the culprit, who, as it eventually turns out, is Madame Lesombre. This prudent lady, to secure a dowry for their daughter, had from the latter's birth daily abstracted the missing fifteen pence, fearing that her husband's extravagance would leave her daughter penniless. Not daring herself to give the money, which, in the aggregate amounted to the exact sum

which forms the title of the piece, Madame Lesombre prevails upon Jolliboy to bestow it on the bride as a gift from himself. This gives rise to a succession of ludicrous and most amusing complications—M. Lesombre becomes infuriated with jealousy, and poor Jolliboy finding himself involved in a sea of unjust suspicions through his good-natured friendship, makes a clean breast of it, and declares the part he had undertaken in his assumed munificence; Madame Lesombre follows with further explanations, and all ends satisfactorily. The principal character, that of the irascible old Frenchman 'Lesombre,' is admirably impersonated by Mr. Glover, whose accent and broken French were excellently maintained throughout, and Mr. J. Robins was genial and very amusing as the old friend of the family, 'Jolliboy.'

### HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

FOR the last three winters the equestrian and kindred performances at Hengler's handsomely decorated and commodiously arranged circus in Argyll Street were the most attractive and deservedly popular of holiday entertainments, not only affording boundless delight to children, but equally interesting and amusing to grown-up people by the refinement, elegance, and superior excellence which characterised them. This prestige has been fully maintained by the varied and liberal programme provided by Mr. C. Hengler for the inauguration of his fourth season in London on Saturday evening last, and which was received with alternate demonstrations of enthusiastic applause and shouts of laughter from beginning to end by a crowded audience, that filled every available space in the building, and who were additionally predisposed to enjoy the entertainment by the excellence of the arrangements for their comfort and convenience made by Mr. R. Teesdale, the efficient business manager, whose judicious tact and courteous attention are entitled to the fullest acknowledgment. As a matter of course, regular equestrian feats formed the principal portion of the voluminous programme of sixteen items. Mlle. Fanny Lehmann, who made her first appearance in England, and Madame Cotterelli proved themselves accomplished and skilful *équestriennes* in two cleverly executed scenes—adroitly jumping through hoops and over flags, and performing other feats, while their steeds were in full course; and Miss Nellie Boswell went through—with great neatness and grace—a "characteristic" scene on horseback, personating first a Newhaven Fishwife, then "A Jolly Young Waterman," and thirdly a Highland Laddie—changing her costumes with great rapidity, and dancing a horn-pipe and Scotch reel with as much ease and grace as if she was on terra firma. Mr. Anthony Bridge performs dexterous feats of jugglery while standing on the back of the horse cantering round the ring. Mr. Wooda Cook, described as a celebrated American, made his first appearance in Europe, and is a daring and skilful rider, and very plucky, for having, through nervousness or miscalculation, several times failed to execute the unusually difficult feat of throwing a somersault backwards through a hoop, from the back of the horse, he undauntedly persevered and eventually accomplished it with the greatest ease and aplomb, and gained a burst of well merited cheers from the delighted audience; and Mr. Hubert Cooke, the "nonpareil" equestrian, exhibited his skill and agility in the character of a jockey. In addition to these, there was an Equestrian Quadrille, gracefully gone through by four cavaliers and their fair dames, all in picturesque costumes; Mr. Charles Hengler introduced his highly trained match ponies, "Ida" and "Fatima;" and M. Ameson, the Spanish steeds of the manege, "Castile" and "Arabica," and displayed their docility and his own dexterity while riding one and driving the other. These regular equestrian scenes are enlivened by the antics, fun, and comicalities of the indispensable—"Clowns of the Ring," Messrs. Cottrell, the agile, T. Barry, whose Milesian accent and Irish songs found great favour, and the prince of drolls, the inimitable "Little Sandy," so thoroughly associated with "Hengler's Circus," and who is more irresistibly droll, quaint, and cleverly agile than ever. His reception was most enthusiastic, and his vagaries kept the audience in laughter as long as he continued in the ring. Among the miscellaneous portion of the entertainment, Professor Leon and his sons went through some clever gymnastics à la Risley, introducing the Japanese tub feat with great dexterity. Madame Felix exhibited her *troupe* of canine wonders, whose performances are as comical as marvels of skilful training and docility; and a display of Russian skating on an improvised rink in the centre of the ring, by Messrs. French and Harris, and Mlle. Rose; first some exceedingly graceful and skilfully executed evolutions, and subsequently a grotesque display of the mishaps and tumbles which novices on the ice are liable to. This latter, as ludicrous as the former were pleasing and graceful, kept the audience in a roar of laughter; but the most novel and charmingly attractive feature of the whole entertainment was the "marvellous aerial evolutions of Señorita Millieturnom, who performs a series of startling feats of balancing on a lofty trapeze, standing and kneeling on the bar while it is in full swing and without holding the ropes which suspend it. The young lady goes through the perilous exploit not only with the calmest nonchalance and confidence, but with a statuesque elegance, surpassed only by the singular grace and artistic expression, as it may be styled, with which she effects her spiral descent from the lofty elevation by a series of gentle gyrations down a perpendicular rope. This unique performance created quite a *furor*, and the graceful little lady was twice recalled to receive an enthusiastic ovation. This programme will be continued till Christmas holidays, for which is being prepared a juvenile spectacle entitled *Little Red Riding Hood, or The Good Fairy and the Naughty Wolf*, to be performed by a host of children, and terminate with a grand scene of "The Fairy's Garden Party and Fête Champêtre," in which will be introduced all the characters of nursery rhymes and miniature impersonations of heroes and potentates of the past and present.

Illuminated day performances take place every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon a half past two.

SATURDAY next Shakespeare's comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, will be produced at the Gaiety, with Mr. Phelps as 'Falstaff,' and the excellent cast as given in full in our number of last week, and on the same evening Mr. Hollingshead opens the Holborn Amphitheatre with opéra-bouffe and pantomime.

STANDARD THEATRE.—Mr. F. Stanforth, who has been playing a round of Shakespearean light comedy and juvenile parts at this theatre, has been specially engaged by Mr. Douglass as acting manager, and will accordingly occupy that post in front of the house during the Christmas festivities.

MADAME RISTORI, at the close of her engagement at Valparaiso, was invited, on the 26th September last, to a grand banquet, given in honour of that great *tragédienne* by the prefect and municipality of Valparaiso. A gold medal, decreed by the State, was presented to her, bearing on one side the arms of the municipality, and on the other an inscription, "To Adelaide Ristori, 1874." The prefect, in presenting the medal, made an eloquent expression of the public admiration of Ristori, and of sympathy for Italy. The military band of the city then played the Imperial March, and the immense crowd outside joined in prolonged cheers for "Ristori" and "Italy."





SCENE FROM "LES PRÉS SAINT-GERVAIS" AT THE THÉÂTRE DES VARIÉTÉS, PARIS.

## HISSING.

WHEN an art has descended very low, those who still admire it must of necessity be less severe critics than those who knew it at its best; and, though its improvement may very likely be hailed with exaggerated applause, its real and lasting revival is almost certain to be accompanied by the rise of a more exacting school of criticism.

Not more than six or seven years ago it was thought that hissing at the theatre was a lost art. If anything absurdly wrong or inartistic was done, the judicious only protested against it by a solemn silence, while some of the "groundlings" and gods were sure to applaud. If, in the midst of a fairy dell, dimly lighted, and rich with violets and pansies, a man in modern black coat and hat intruded himself, bowing with condescension to the audience, said audience were frantic in their applause of the "artist." If, while a set-scene in a drama of modern life was being prepared, two impossible comic servants (entirely unnecessary to the story) appeared and made love, concluding with a song and dance borrowed from the music-halls, the audience were quite as likely as not to laugh heartily over the song and encore the dance; and a first-night audience—then by no means so special a gathering as it now is—would endure almost anything in the way of incompetence, even imperfection in the text, on the part of the performers, or of poverty in plot and dialogue on the part of the author. What they did not like, they bore in silence, perhaps good-naturedly laughed at, or, at the worst, escaped by quietly leaving the house. A genuine burst of dissatisfaction was as rare as the need for it was frequent.

This was really unfair to all parties. The right of an audience to hiss when it is honestly displeased is, we believe, unquestionable; and to waive this right was not only to forfeit a safeguard against thoroughly bad work being thrust upon it, but to mislead managers, not showing them when it was their best policy at once to acknowledge failure, and was even unkind to actors, hiding from them, till it was too late, faults which, uncorrected, must bring them down, instead of plainly, if roughly, telling them necessary truths. Besides, this loss of the power of censure to a great extent prevented real fervour of applause; a thoroughly free critic can be much more enthusiastic than one who must either applaud or be silent.

But, as the taste for theatrical amusements—and for performances which were something more than mere amusement—gradually awoke and developed, till it reached such a height that Shakespeare, properly played, became the most attractive author whose works a manager could produce, there arose with it some sense of the responsibility which attaches to an audience called together to judge of the merits of a new play, or a new actor, and of the power of condemnation which such an audience holds. It was remembered that in the great old days of Garrick and his brethren—actors whose greatness is proved by the fact that the leading intellects of the Kingdom then made the theatre one of their chief enjoyments—in those days, when the worthy interpretation of Shakespeare must so often have called forth tumultuous applause, Mr. Oxenford's happy phrase, "a storm of hisses," would have been far from merely figurative; and if the pit "rose at" Edmund Kean in his great scenes, it could do very much the same in wrath instead of rapture if it received what it thought due provocation.

And anyone who has for the last five or six years been a pretty constant "first-night" goer must recollect some scenes of condemnation as unmitigated as even the pit of Old Drury in the fullest of its power can have pronounced. What nights of deri-

sion, of hissing and howling, are recalled by the names *Ecarté*, *Morden Grange*, *War?* and who that witnessed the reception of Sextillian and his fellow-tumblers in the *Last Days of Pompeii* can forget that stormy evening at the Queen's? The picked audience of a first night has now so often been shown things really artistic, has had the absurdity of so many old conventional customs keenly pointed out to it by Mr. Gilbert and other critics and parodists, that it really will not stand anything manifestly ridiculous or bad; its taste is still no doubt very far from perfect, and its stage-education of the most empirical, but yet it has some taste, and draws the line between endurable and non-endurable pretty firmly.

Hissing is once more an established fact; indeed, there is now hardly a first night at which a feeble hiss or two does not disturb the harmony of the evening—except, indeed, on those rare occasions when a really good play is performed after thorough rehearsal by a competent company. And it is right that this should be so; it is not too much to say that scarcely 5 per cent. of the plays annually produced are free from glaring faults, which may well be reprimanded, while the good qualities of a piece (if by chance it have any) are generously and warmly applauded.

At the same time, it is quite possible to carry this liberty of censure too far. It is hardly fair for a man, because a particular actor's style is disagreeable to him, to inflict a punishment that nothing but incompetence or misconduct should draw forth. Hissing, or what is called "guying," is a cruel punishment, and should only be resorted to when it is really needed—should never be made the instrument of mere personal caprice. On the first night of *Clancarty*, I remember, a man sitting near me, who had earlier in the evening been loudly expressing his disbelief in the powers of the lady who played the heroine, chose to show his opinion of her performance by chuckling audibly throughout the tender love-scene in the third act. Now, had the audience not been really and deeply impressed by the play, this might have "set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too," and have spoilt the scene, besides, in all probability, making thoroughly unhappy a lady who is, at all events, a powerful, painstaking, and conscientious artist. As it was, I am happy to say, the little man was effectually silenced, and looked very uncomfortable for the rest of the evening.

But this hissing a woman is always, except under the most extreme circumstances, a cowardly and unworthy action; and when, as is unhappily sometimes too evident, it arises from personal spite rather than a sense of duty, it is so thoroughly unmanly and un-English (if the word be not too old-fashioned) that to Americanise our institutions as far as the temporary permission of lynch law goes seems really the fairest and most effectual punishment for it. Not a month ago, for example, a Westend theatre was reopened for the performance of what is now called *opéra-bouffe*, and an exceptionally severe audience had collected, evidently with the intention, on the part of a strong section of it all events, of hissing whenever there was the faintest possibility of doing so. No doubt a great portion of the evening's entertainment was utterly worthless, and deserved condemnation quite as strong as it received; but when the unprejudiced portion of the audience found that the manageress could not speak half a dozen lines without provoking mingled hisses and ironical laughter, they naturally began to applaud much more warmly than they would otherwise have dreamt of doing; and the curtain fell on a thoroughly weak piece amid considerable applause, entirely due to the *clique* who had during the earlier part of the evening flattered themselves that they had nearly attained their worthy object of seeing a woman in tears before them.

This cruel abuse of hissing is not only unmanly, it defeats its

own object. An English audience may always be trusted to stand up for any one it thinks unjustly attacked; and the total disuse of the public's power of censure was not so bad as the unkind and capricious exercise we sometimes, though rarely, see now-a-days, which, though it can scarcely injure a good play, is very likely to save a bad one from the quiet and unanimous condemnation it deserves. But, kept within proper bounds, used honestly and not unkindly, there should be no stronger aid to the reformation of the stage than hearty unmistakable hissing.

## REALISM IN THE OPERA.

THERE is much discussion among critics as to the extent to which realism should be allowed to be in connection with music; and this totally apart from the principles of Wagnerism, and the daring assertion made by their latest exponent, viz. that "the possibility of music, for the sole purpose of sonorous beauty, has ceased to exist." To musicians who love and study music in its spiritual aspect, the fallacy of this conclusion will be sufficiently apparent. The fact is, the Wagnerites argue from altogether false premises, and pursuing, as they do, persistently one idea, viz. the use of harmony to develop a previously existing subject, they are led to reason solely on one straight line, as it were, without considering many important and wide-spreading ramifications.

The musician who possesses the genius of composition labours under great musical thoughts, or a crowd of melodic ideas; these he freely weaves, as if in a reverie, into a swelling symphony or an impromptu for a single instrument: these are the effusions of pure and spiritual music untrammelled and unconnected with any humanising or realistic influence; this is the highest form of music, pure and simple. But, as music exercises a wonderful influence upon men's souls, so it is found to be exceedingly useful in developing, elevating, and indicating with increased force the nobler ideas, passions, and internal emotions of human beings: these ideas and passions I shall call the romantic human nature, and this is the province of opera; by uniting the soul of harmony with the elevated sentiments of humanity, we obtain a harmonious combination which presents that grand, fascinating, elevating, masterpiece of art—a lyric drama: in this, thoughts that in the oral drama would be ill expressed in mere verbal language by the language of music are conveyed with full force to the human heart. But, remember, in a purely musical sense, the music thus employed is not the finest, nor the highest form of the art, for when thus employed, it is humanised and so closely connected with realism that it becomes less free, and less powerful in its own spiritual influence; though this is counteracted by the powerful human interest which is added by the connection of the two.

A combination of acts may produce a splendid and of course thoroughly legitimate effect; but nevertheless each act is to be found in its purer condition when it stands alone in its highest individual development, without any auxiliary aid.

The opera to be perfect must preserve an equal balance between its human and its spiritual parts: that is, between its realistic and its musical departments; and the danger is greatest on the realistic side: though if an opera be too musical, by which rather ambiguous phrase I mean, if there be a mass of harmony totally unconnected with the progress of the story; if there be no corresponding dramatic interest in the music and the plot, the opera will assume the form of a long rhapsody, possessing neither the purity of a symphony nor the interest and power of a dramatic performance.





SCENE FROM "OLD SAILORS" AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

As long as the music holds the position of elevating and indicating the passions in the story, all goes well: the story, however, must be kept up to the music; that is, it must not be so commonplace, feeble, or coarsely realistic as to jar with the ennobling influence of the music.

The greatest danger which threatens the opera is the undue prominence constantly being given to the human or realistic portion, and the fatal endeavours to drag down music to the mean level of expressing commonplace ideas in a startling and realistic manner.

Musicians and operatic composers get into a dangerous and bigoted habit of looking with contempt upon the oral drama, and consequently they think that subjects which are wonderfully effective as acting dramas must be equally so as operas: but this is far from being the case. The opera should be far less realistic than the drama; for music is powerless to elevate subjects which have no affinity with it.

Everybody admires *The School for Scandal*, but could music possibly elevate *The School for Scandal* into a passable comic opera? Certainly not; the plot, the subject, the scenes are too realistic. The same may be said of *London Assurance*, or *Old Heads and Young Hearts*. Subjects connected with everyday life are so commonplace that they hang like a dead weight upon harmonious strains.

We shall have more to say presently upon the limits of realism in the subject matter: now we are desirous of expatiating upon the realism in the music.

The realistic style of opera music of late has been carried as far almost as it can possibly go. Second-rate composers use common chords, a ceaseless din on the drums and terrible crashes of the brass instruments to indicate tempests, confusion, terror, &c. Wagner comes forward with an innovation in the shape of startling and ear-splitting "effects" or discords—which you please. That is the farthest possible limit of realism.

Though the moderns may despise the old masters, there are two examples which alone are sufficient to serve as models for the mode of musically illustrating such episodes. I refer to the splendid music accompanying the terrible confusion scene which terminates the first act of Mozart's *Don Juan*, and the exquisite little "Tempest" scene in the *Barbiere* of Rossini.

A nice discrimination is the greatest proof of genuine artistic feeling. It is the morbid and coarse mind that sees the sublime only in the extraordinary and the extravagant. The rant that awes the groundlings offends the refined and cultured mind. It is possible to be sublime without being supernatural. It is possible to be romantic without being extravagant, as it is also possible to be realistic without being commonplace or coarse.

Where art ceases, true objectionable realism begins: a piece of painting or sculpture from the nude is art, yet it is realistic art, because it is an imitation of something real: that is, the true realism of art; but if we saw instead of the statue or painting a real naked figure, our sensibilities would be shocked: that is coarse realism—not art. Those who say there is no realism in art rob it of its human attributes. There is only one art which when pure and alone is devoid of all innate human attributes, and that is music, in the form of a symphony or a song without words. I remember that Mr. H. C. Lunn, in an article in the *Musical Times*, once most ably advocated the introduction of harmonic syllables in place of articulated words in a song. One could then enjoy the delight of hearing the human voice unaccompanied by human sentiments to lower the elevating effect of the melody. Free, pure, and unfettered harmony and melody sounds

on in its beautiful variation, and the listener's soul, enraptured at the strains, soars in imagination's lofty flight, and applies what thoughts it wills to the music; while the music draws out all our inmost feelings, and relieves us by giving them vent.

On the other hand dramatic music is fettered by the subject it illustrates, how necessary therefore is it that the subject should be one that will not fetter the music too heavily. The subjects chosen must be such as will draw us from everyday life, and take us to the realms of the romantic and the ideal: else will the effect be most unsatisfactory. No true musician will ever allow his subject to drag down his music in any degree: even the most ideal subject does degrade the music, because the ideal to the human mind is always idealised humanity, but the splendid effect gained by the combination of poetry and music compensates for the partial lowering of the influence of harmony. Where it happens that the musician endeavours to realistically express "effects" in music, the result is most disastrous, and in fact he defeats his own end, for in so artificial an affair as an opera indication tells more powerfully than expression. A realistic effect in music is not only not artistic, but it is absurd. The real absurdity of an opera becomes apparent if any suggestion of reality be introduced. He or she that desires realistic subjects for operas, and prefers realistic music, shows a preference for that which is absurd, and a fondness for absurdity indicates either bad taste from ignorance or foolishness from imbecility.

The dramatic expression of an opera should be shown rather in the arrangement of the musical effects and parts than in the music itself; an excellent example of this is shown in that magnificent chorus in *Acis and Galatea* (Händel) where the shepherds and shepherdesses express their commiseration for Acis and Galatea, and their ultimate terror at the approach of Polyphemus: a portion of the chorus singing in quick, agitated notes, while pointing in terror to the mountain, "Behold the monster Polypheme," while the other part of the chorus, not yet aware of the danger, sing plaintively, "Wretched lovers, quit your dream." An examination of the scoring of this chorus is most interesting. In highly ideal subjects it is not only necessary to avoid any realism in the music, but also to endeavour to employ as little realistic effect as possible in the arrangement of the scenes in the libretto.

The supernatural scenes in some of our operas are very badly done. The sinking through the stage in *Don Juan* is perhaps not so strikingly absurd from the "old school" tone that pervades the opera, which reminds us that at the time the opera was written old stage effect was very awe-inspiring. The opera which we think suffers most from a realistic treatment of the supernatural scenes only is *Faust*—this is rendered the more apparent from the exquisite idealism of the music; but French dramatists are so terribly falsely realistic. We complain of the supernatural scene only, the rest are simply perfect, and we think the garden scene the most exquisite operatic scene in existence; it tells upon the audience with the fullest power that opera is capable of.

This makes us the more regret the feebleness of the supernatural scenes, by which we mean the "transformation" in the first act, and the "apotheosis" in the last.

We are fully anxious of the presumption we exhibit in daring to offer an improvement in so grand an opera: yet so fully are we convinced that every opinion has a right to be heard that we shall conclude this paper by humbly suggesting the following plan for the rearrangement of the supernatural scenes in *Faust*.

Instead of the undignified and tricky mode of throwing off

*Faust's* hair, whiskers, beard, and black gown, and discovering a gaily dressed young spark, at the transformation, it is proposed that after the vision, on Faust signing the compact, Mephistopheles shall give him a phial containing the elixir, thus:—

## RECITATIVE.

MEPHIS. (c.) Drink this!  
 FAUST (Down r. c.) I will—to youth and life [Drinks.  
 MEPHIS. (Aside, aloud). Ha, ha!  
 How tastes it? Is it palatable? ha!  
 FAUST (Down). 'Tis sweet! as my desire. I will drink again.  
 MEPHIS. (Aside). Sweet to the mouth; but bitter to the belly.  
 FAUST (Falling back r. up). Ah! I feel faint.  
 MEPHIS. (Still c.) Ha, ha!  
 FAUST (Loosening his collar). I am choking.  
 I scarce can breathe.  
 MEPHIS. (Still c.) Ha, ha! 'tis nothing, you  
 Are sinking in a gentle trance; when you  
 Awake, your aged limbs will be imbued  
 With life and vigour; your —  
 FAUST (Gasping and leaning r. c. against chair). 'Tis a lie! fiend!  
 You have killed me, I am dying.  
 MEPHIS. (Advancing to him with savage irony). To be  
 Born again to a new life, dear doctor.  
 FAUST (Sinking back into chair). I cannot see, I cannot breathe. I—ah!  
 [Falls back insensible.  
 MEPHIS. (Over him, leaning against back of his chair).  
 In four-and-twenty hours you will awake  
 Again to youth and pleasure. Enjoy it  
 Well, for you have paid a heavy price  
 For the indulgence.  
 [Strikes an attitude of diabolical triumph over him, with mocking laughter.  
 Tableau. Curtain, quick.

In the second act Faust will appear as a youth. We humbly maintain that this is a more dignified mode of treatment than the realistic change before the audience.

It is proposed to arrange the final apotheosis in the following manner:—

After the death of Marguerite, solemn music. Mephistopheles seizes Faust; both are transfixed (down l. c.), by the entire scene (down to 2nd groove) being gradually enveloped in light fleecy clouds which close from view the body of Marguerite. Mephistopheles trembles with terror; but holds fast to the dismayed Faust. The clouds suddenly become imbued with a dazzlingly brilliant silver light, which seems to rend them asunder in the centre, and discloses high up a group of angels with harps suspended, as if flying through the air (aloud from l. to r.), gazing upwards. The light shines brilliantly upon the haggard corpse of Marguerite upon the ground. Angels rise, clouds gather again, light dims. Mephistopheles recovers himself and exclaims:—"Tis past, my power is my own again." He waves his hands and mutters (weird music), a sudden gloom fills the stage, and thick black vapours arise, through which gleam lurid flashes of blue and red. Mephistopheles drags Faust to c., and is enveloped in the gloom. Phantom cries and echoes heard. A lurid light bursts in the centre of the black clouds and rends them, discovering Mephistopheles standing triumphantly over Faust, who cries for mercy. Phantom fiends whirl round them in the air. Curtain slow, to weird and solemn music.

We do not suggest this in any spirit of hostile criticism against Monsieur Gounod's opera in particular; but merely to show that an effect may be obtained in supernatural scenes without the actual realism of representation which is only less detrimental to an opera than realism in the music.

F. A. L. F. ALLAN LAIDLAW.

THE performance for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund, of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, with Miss Helen Faucit (Mrs. Theodore Martin) as 'Beatrice,' supported by the powerful cast as given in our last number, takes place at the Haymarket Theatre this afternoon. The demand for places has been so great that the entire pit is converted into stall seats.



## Music.

Musical intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday was the 83rd anniversary of the death of Mozart; and the programme of the Crystal Palace Saturday concert bore recognition of the fact in the presentation of a well-chosen, though somewhat scanty, selection from his works. Four only of his compositions were performed. Two of these—the great symphony in C major, which has for a long time been styled the "Jupiter Symphony," and the overture to his opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*—are not only fine specimens of Mozart's genius, but so incontestably belong to the very highest order of instrumental music that it would be impertinent to offer any eulogy of works of such obvious pre-eminence. A less known work was presented for the first time at these concerts, and probably for the first time in England. This was a Concerto in D, for violin and orchestra, written by Mozart, A.D. 1775, for his own use. There can be little doubt, from the admirable manner in which he wrote for the orchestra, that he had a general knowledge of most, if not of all the leading instruments; and it is clear, from his correspondence, that he was above the average as a solo violin player. His powers as a violinist may be estimated by the long cadenzas which are introduced at the termination of each of the three movements of which the Concerto in D is composed. These cadenzas are, in point of executive difficulty, not to be compared for a moment with the elaborate cadenzas which have been introduced by Mozart's successors among violinists; but they represent all the difficulties which were known at his time; and even now they are not to be surmounted by any other than a skilful artist. Such an one was at hand last Saturday in the person of M. Sainton, who, with the exception of an occasional tendency to play somewhat out of tune in the higher notes, was an excellent interpreter of this interesting novelty. The work itself, although worthy its author, is not calculated to add greatly to his colossal fame. The opening movement, in "Allegro" in D major, is decidedly uninteresting, so far as the solo instrument is concerned, although the orchestration leaves nothing to be desired. The second movement, "Andante Cantabile" in A major, is full of graceful melody; and the final movement, a "Rondo" in D major, contains a short "Andante Grazioso," which is thoroughly Mozartian in character and treatment. More important illustrations of Mozart's genius might easily have been selected, but it was wise to bring forward, on such an occasion, this fresh illustration of his wonderful fertility; and on this account alone it would have been a welcome feature of the programme. The only other illustration of the great composer which was included in the much too scanty selection made on this occasion, was the Count's great scena from *Figaro*, commencing with the recitative, "Hai già vinta la causa?" This and the succeeding aria, "Vedro mentr'io sospiro," are among the finest examples to be found of dramatic force of expression, combined with musical elaboration. The orchestral accompaniments are in themselves enough to establish the supremacy of Mozart in musical painting, and, not only in the form of the instrumental phrases, but in their distribution among the various instruments, this noble piece of orchestration is a model of its kind. The vocalist was Mr. Santley; and it needs hardly to be added that his singing was full of that power of dramatic expression, and that finished vocalisation, which have placed him in the highest rank of art. Throughout the pieces above named, the playing of the orchestra was splendid, and reflected great credit not only on its members, but also on their able and zealous conductor, Mr. Manns.

The remainder of the concert must be briefly dismissed. Mr. G. A. Macfarren's Festival Overture, originally produced at the Liverpool Festival, in September last, was played for the first time at these concerts, but was placed last in the programme. An important orchestral work, placed thus late in the concert, played by a band already fatigued by more than two hours' hard playing, can hardly receive full justice; and although the brilliancy and originality of Mr. Macfarren's work were made abundantly evident, it will be more fairly judged hereafter when heard under favourable circumstances. Beethoven's "Romance in F," for violin and orchestra, was a welcome treat; and the solo violin part was beautifully played by M. Sainton. A new song, "My dear and only love," was sung by Mr. Santley, accompanied by the composer, Mr. Arthur Sullivan. An encore was forced, but the song is by no means worthy the composer or the singer. The words are a wretched imitation of the style of Suckling and Herrick, and are disfigured by bad taste and worse grammar. The music is dull common-place, except where enlivened by reminiscences of other compositions; and Mr. Sullivan, who has a deservedly high reputation to maintain, should reflect that better things than this are expected of him. Signor Urio sang the "Rose Song" from *Il Talismano*, and Barri's "Shadow of the Cross," a composition suitable to concerts where "royalty" songs must be submitted to, but unworthy of a place in a Crystal Palace concert programme.

At to-day's concert, Schubert's No. 9 Symphony in C will be played, and the vocalists will be Madame Sherrington and Mrs. Patey.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE last Monday Popular Concert attracted a large audience; probably the chief attraction being Mr. Sims Reeves. Illness, however, prevented the appearance of the popular tenor, who, from the same cause, had been obliged to forfeit his engagements on the previous Thursday and Saturday at the Albert Hall. His place was occupied by Miss Alice Farrinan, who sang with excellent taste Schubert's song, "The Question," and Handel's florid aria, "Cangio d'aspetto."

The instrumental selections included Haydn's Quartett in C Major (Op. 20, No. 2) for two violins, viola, and violoncello; a Violoncello Sonata in F Major, by Marcello and a Trio in F Major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by F. Gemsheim. These three works were played on this occasion for the first time at these concerts. The Haydn Quartett (led by Madame Neruda) and the Violoncello Solo (finely played by Signor Piatti) were thoroughly enjoyable. Gemsheim's Trio was less satisfactory. It continually awakened delusive expectations of beauties which never arrived; and except that it afforded some opportunities for the display of executive power by the pianist (Mr. Charles Hallé) it was little but a collection of fragmentary phrases, without any apparent design or coherence. Mr. Charles Hallé played, in masterly style, Beethoven's posthumous Sonata in A-flat, Op. 110, for pianoforte alone. His love of his author and his own fastidiousness of taste may sometimes lead him to over-elaboration, and into fruitless endeavours to

"Gild refined gold,  
And add new perfume to the violet."

but of his conscientious reverence for his author's text there can

never be a doubt. Mr. Hallé does not imitate some modern exponents of Beethoven, who know better than Beethoven what he should have written, and who think it justifiable to mutilate him, rather than allow him to wear an aspect which differs from their conceptions of "the eternal fitness of things." Mr. Hallé sets a good example by playing from the book, even though he probably knows the No. 110 Sonata by heart. There is really not much merit in playing from memory, "without book," a solo which the player has rehearsed hundreds of times. But there is always a risk of a breaking down from sudden failure of memory; and in such cases it is pitiable to see a discomfited virtuoso, improvising passages at which the dead composer would have shuddered. The 6-8 time Fugue in A-flat Major was interpreted by Mr. Hallé with admirable clearness; with a determination to devote his great executive abilities to the task of elucidating Beethoven's conceptions; and without the least endeavour to extract self-glorification from the task. Such playing is peculiarly refreshing after the conceited and self-seeking displays which have recently been made by the muscular school of pianists who affect to illustrate the "higher development" of art; and the hearty and universal applause which was bestowed on Mr. Hallé was a valuable recognition of the fact.

## THE CRITERION THEATRE.

LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE success of M. Lecocq's new opera is unabated, and the elegant Criterion Theatre is nightly crowded to overflowing. The following brief analysis of the music may probably interest musical readers.

The first number in act i. is a lively and melodious chorus of milk girls, followed by a "Chorus of Housewives," sparkling and effective. No. 2 is a short trio for Friquette, Angélique, and Grégoire, leading to a charming ballad, "The Lily and the Rose," a graceful melody which, well sung by Miss Catherine Lewis, obtained an immediate and well-deserved encore. A short military march is followed by No. 3, the song of La Rose, "My Cousin Nicholas," a capital buffo song, which secured a hearty encore. No. 4 is a chorus of tradespeople-selling their wares, followed by the entry of the students and Conti (Madame Pauline Rita), who sings a song, "In the Face of your Tuition," which is not remarkable for originality. No. 5 is a romance, "I tremble, I start," sung by Conti. The melody, in 6-8 time (key, F major), is one of the most charming and graceful of its author's composition, and will secure a wide popularity. It was admirably sung by Madame Rita, and obtained a double encore. No. 6, the finale of the act, is admirably constructed. The college bell gives out a pedal C above the voices of the students singing in chorus. Then comes one of the most effective *morceaux* of the opera, a Chorus of Schoolmasters. It opens with an Andante Maestoso, resembling a chorale, in which the schoolmasters in solemn tones enjoin moral precepts upon their youthful pupils; then come down to the front, and in a comic Allegro, "Don't we keep it dark," let the audience know that they are given to forbidden pleasures on the sly. The contrast between the Allegro and the Andante Maestoso, which returns at intervals, is irresistibly comic. In the final *ensemble* a happy effect is produced by florid passages, sung by Conti, while the harmony is supported by the other personages. A spirited *stretto* ("Hey for the Fields of St.-Gervais") brings the act to a conclusion. In No. 7 (the *entr'acte*) the song of La Rose is introduced. Act ii. opens with No. 8, a drinking chorus, which is followed by a well-written quintett ("Dear me, what a wondrous selection"), and the concerted piece which follows is admirably constructed. The movement sung by the three soldiers ("Well, at your invitation") is striking and original, and the final *ensemble* is excellent. In the earliest portion of this concerted piece occurs a passage in eight-part harmony, which well deserves notice. No. 10 ("Say canst thou read?") is a delicious romance, sung first as a solo by Conti, and afterwards as a duet with La Rose. The melody is flowing, and it is charmingly accompanied by the stringed instruments *pizzicato*, with occasional *obligato* passages for clarinet. No. 11, La Rose's song ("He was six feet six and full of tricks") is a rattling barrack-room song, of no great musical value. No. 12 is a duet for Conti and Friquette ("What seek you here?"), commencing with a cantabile movement in triple time, followed by a bright and sparkling passage in 2-4 time. No. 13, sung by Friquette ("Since you're so worldly wise"), is a graceful song, which obtained a hearty encore. No. 14 is a duet for Angélique and Grégoire ("Ah, how my heart is bounding"), with an effective orchestral accompaniment, in which the note of the cuckoo typifies the vernal innocence of the youthful lovers. The happy pair are surprised by the other personages; and a thoroughly dramatic *ensemble* ("What dire disgrace") succeeds. The couplets originally sung by Friquette ("Think of those days"), were given by Angélique and Grégoire. They produced less effect than they merited, and might have been better sung. No. 15 is the finale of the act, and commences with a charming song ("Tis not in birth lies glory"), which was sung by Mr. Brenier (La Rose) with admirable dramatic and vocal effect, and elicited an instant encore. It is likely to become one of the most popular numbers in the opera. The unison song of "the four seconds" is followed by a sparkling dialogue between Conti and La Rose; and the finale concludes with the song of Conti's regiment ("I sing the song of Conti's corps"), the first verse sung by Conti, the second by La Rose, with chorus. Act iii., preceded by a short *entr'acte*, opens with No. 17, "The Duel Chorus"—omitted at Paris—and here very wisely restored to the work. It is spirited and dramatic. No. 18, the duel between Conti and La Rose ("Monsieur, accept my thanks"), leads to an effective valse ("Joy in my heart"), sung by Madame Rita, and deservedly encored. No. 19 is a comic chorus of Drunken Schoolmasters, which is more effective dramatically than vocally. No. 20 is a *contre-danse* of all the characters, and its orchestration is delicious. No. 21 is a rondo ("Come, shut your shops"), of no great merit, and the opera concludes with a spirited Final Chorus.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

MR. ARTHUR BYRON, the English tenor, who sang principal tenor parts at the Gaiety Theatre, London, during the engagement there of Mr. Santley, has been for some time studying in Italy, and is engaged for the approaching Carnival season at Pisa.

BELLINI's *Norma* has been given with great success at Cairo, by artists well known in England. Signor Fancelli was the 'Pollio'; Signor Medini (of Her Majesty's Opera, in 1873), was 'Oroveso'; Madame Fricci, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera, impersonated 'Norma'; and Mlle. Bentani (Mrs. George Bentham), who, when Miss Cecile Fernandez, was favourably known in London, some six years back, as a clever juvenile pianist, is said to be an 'adorable' 'Adalgisa.'

CALCUTTA letters, of the 4th ultimo, give a favourable account of the opening of the Italian Opera season. Verdi's *Forza del Destino* was selected for the inaugural performance, and attracted

a large attendance of native as well as European visitors. The baritone, Traponi-Bono, made a great success.

THE celebrated pianist, Antoine Rubinstein, is in Paris, endeavouring to arrange for the production of his opera, *Nerone*, at the new Grand Opera House.

THE statue of Auber, by the sculptor Klesinger, is ready to be placed above the grave of the illustrious composer. It is of life-size, and represents Music in the shape of a female, whose right arm rests on a funeral urn, while her left hand holds a lyre, whose strings are broken. The likeness is excellent. The cost will be 25,000 francs; and up to the present time the subscriptions have only reached 15,000. Meanwhile, the body of Auber remains in a temporary resting-place, at the Cemetery of Père la Chaise.

THE subscription opened at Cassel for a statue to Spohr has produced only 2500 thalers.

THE Royal Conservatoire de la Musique at Brussels has been reopened; and it is announced that for the space of one year free instruction will be given to all comers who desire to attend evening classes for instruction in music, and especially singing.

THE Abbé Liszt will this month enter on his functions as President of the new Academy of Music which has recently been established at Pesth.

TAUBERT's new opera, *Cesario*, founded on Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, was produced last month at Berlin with great success. The music is of the classical style, and was well rendered by Mlle. Mallinger, Herr Betz, and other popular artists.

THE Stern-Gesangverein of Berlin, on the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, paid homage to his memory by performing his oratorio *Elijah*.

A MONUMENT to Auber is to be erected at Caen, in Normandy. The Caen Society of the Fine Arts has subscribed 1000 francs, the Council-General 1000 francs, and the Municipality 1500 francs.

M. CARBONEL, of Marseilles, is the ingenious inventor of a small instrument, about the size of a crown-piece, which he has named "Tonologue." It serves to indicate instantaneously the key-note of any piece of music, with its relative minor. It is simple in construction, and cheap; and may be purchased in Paris of MM. Durand and Schœnervik, Place de la Madeleine.

A LIFE of Rossini, by the Senator Zanolini, is about to be published at Bologna, by Zanichelli and Co. It will be decorated with a portrait of the famous *maestro*, and a facsimile of the following characteristic letter, by which it was originally accompanied:—

"Mio carissimo D. Liverani,

"Please to accept this my (last) portrait, which is generally considered astonishingly like me. You see how mute is my likeness. May its silence be sufficiently eloquent to assure you that second to no one in affection for you is

"Passy, September 24, 1867."

SIGNOR BOLIS, the new tenor, whose success as 'Arnoldo' in *Guillaume Tell* was one of the events of last season at the Royal Italian Opera, has recently been singing at Treviso. Last Saturday week, for his benefit, a singularly jumbled musical programme was prepared. Besides singing through the entire opera of *Les Huguenots*, the beneficiary sang the romance from Zandomeneghi's opera *Meropé*; and also—between the third and fourth acts of *Les Huguenots* (!)—the aria, "La donna è mobile," and the quartett, "Un di, se ben rammentomi," from *Rigoletto* (!). Signor Bolis is not in the habit of sparing himself; but, in order to encounter such formidable tasks as these, he needs lungs like those of Dickens's Eatonswill electors, "made of cast iron, with steel works." He will be here again next season—if he survive his provincial benefits.

SIGNOR CAMPOBELLO, late of Her Majesty's Opera, has been singing in the provinces with great success. *Apropos* of the Grenadier Guards Concert at Liverpool, the *Daily Post* praises Signor Campobello's execution of Handel's "Honour and Arms," and adds, "His other air was a song specially composed for him by Campana, called 'The Hour of Meeting,' a tuneful and expressive composition, equally well executed. This song obtained the only encore of the afternoon."

MISS ROSE HERSEE, at the close of her Covent Garden engagement, left London on an operatic tour. The *Nottingham Guardian* says of her:—"Miss Rose Hersee enchanted her hearers. There was a purity and freshness, a true ring about her singing, which was irresistibly fascinating, in combination with her graces of person and manner. . . . It is difficult to know whether to admire more her vocal or her histrionic talent; but as 'Amina' she had ample opportunity of displaying both. We do not remember to have seen a more finished or powerful rendering of the part on the English stage; and the house showed its appreciation of it by enthusiastically calling the charming artist before the curtain at the end of the second and third acts."

A SINGULAR kind of contest recently took place in Santiago, arising out of the Ultramontanism of the Roman Catholic priesthood. A new law, which decrees the separation of the Church from the State, having been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, the bishops of the three principal provinces, Santiago, Concepcion, and Serena, fulminated the "major excommunication" against the President of the Republic, the ministers, senators, and deputies who had voted for the new law. Signor Lelmi, principal tenor of the Italian Opera Company at Santiago, knowing that the excommunication was treated with derision by the Progressist party, who are largely in the majority, announced that his benefit would be given "under the patronage of the excommunicated!" The priests immediately set to work to induce the laity to stay away from the theatre on the night of the benefit. They succeeded in securing the non-attendance of many of the weaker sex, and the audience was mainly composed of men. Some emissaries, sent by the priest party, attempted to hiss the performance, but were promptly suppressed. Signor Lelmi was enthusiastically applauded, and a subscription was made by a number of gentlemen, who raised for him a sum of money equivalent to what would have been realised had the absentee subscribers attended. To an attack made upon him in a clerical journal, a spirited reply has been published by the indomitable *primo tenore*, against whom it is expected that excommunication will shortly be pronounced. If the results in his case should be no worse than in that of his sovereign, "Il Re Galantuomo," his vocal powers are not likely to be greatly damaged thereby.

MISS AMY FAWSITT, who has happily recovered from the serious illness which attacked her soon after her secession from the Vaudeville in May last, will shortly reappear at one of the metropolitan theatres.



## Our Captious Critic.



THE manager of the Globe Theatre gave two morning performances this week at the Court of Common Pleas, Westminster. The piece produced was entitled "*Fairlie versus Benkinsop*." The public were admitted gratuitously, and Mr. Fairlie generously paid for the whole entertainment out of his own pocket. As is customary at morning performances, there were many professionals present. Of these, the most noticeable were Miss Dolaro and Miss Bromley, who were seated in the gallery, and seemed to take considerable interest in the progress of the entertainment. Owing to the absence of any charge for admission, the house was crowded to suffocation, there being not even standing room. Although the plot of the play is very slight, and the whole work based on a very slender foundation, the interest of the spectator was kept up by a succession of amusing incident, sparkling dialogue, and some excellent "speeches" admirably delivered by the performers to whom they were entrusted. The author of the piece was Mr. Fairlie himself, who spared no expense in putting it upon the stage. It was frequently applauded during its progress. There was no prompting; the services of a prompter indeed were dispensed with, and the prompt-book carefully locked up. The *dénouement* was most natural and effective, and was thoroughly appreciated by the press and the playgoing public. It is to be regretted, however, that owing to the great expense incurred in its production, the public is not likely to have the opportunity of again witnessing what must be described as a really very remarkable performance.

I do not propose to give any sketch of the plot. The daily newspapers have made it familiar to most readers. Not much, however, has been said about the relative merits of the performers. That is the omission which I hasten to supply. The leading part was played by Mr. Fairlie. He acted with much solemnity, and his portrayal of virtuous indignation was worthy of our first comedians. There is a great future in store for this



"I am a manager."

actor. The two parts of the rival lawyers were rendered with considerable force by Messrs. Day and Ballantine. The latter gentleman especially brought all his knowledge of the stage to bear on his rendering of what was probably the most difficult part in the entire piece. In his flashes of dry humour, and his outbursts of outraged feeling, he was equally sublime. Indeed, those who have had frequent opportunities of witnessing his appearances, agree in calling him one of the greatest actors of our day. The Lord Chamberlain found a fitting representative in the person of that gifted amateur the Marquis of Hertford. It will be recollected that his part is principally noticeable as materially affecting the *dénouement*. Mr. Richard Mansell, as the author of the libretto, was very amusing, and has made a great stride in his profession since his appearance in *Vert-Vert* at the St. James's Theatre. Miss Dubois played a very minor character, but really did it to perfection. Probably the most successful performance was that of Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles. He had the sympathies of his audience from the beginning. After all, truth and force go a good way towards commanding success. Mr. Bowles displayed both, and won a by no means inconsiderable triumph. The part of the "Scurrilous Libeller" was to have been played by Mr. Mackay. That gentleman, however, did not appear, his rôle being cleverly doubled by Mr. Bowles with his own. The Ripirelle appeared during the course of the proceedings—but did not succeed in creating any impression. In fact the audience was a very respectable one, and did not regard these Terpsichorean revellers with much favour.

The affair concluded to the satisfaction of all present, and Mr.

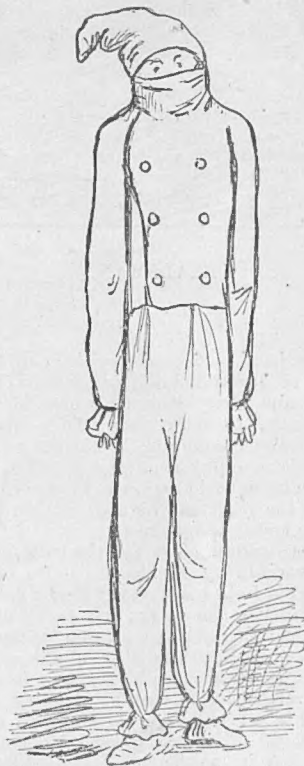
Fairlie has earned the gratitude of the whole playgoing public for affording to competent persons an opportunity of vindicating the interests of dramatic art.

To pass to other matters. I congratulate the proprietor, publisher, and writers of *Vanity Fair* on the victory which they have just achieved at law. It is quite time that from some authoritative quarter public caterers should be made to feel that there are still amongst us women and children who attend theatres, but who nevertheless shrink from indecent exhibitions. The meaning of the verdict in favour of *Vanity Fair* is simply this:—The performances at the St. James's Theatre were indecent performances, and a writer, in pointing out the fact and insisting upon it,



"Who went to see the Ripirelle,  
And brought my sister there, as well  
As my mother?"

has performed what is essentially a public service. As to the non-appearance of the writer in the box, that is a matter of minor importance. Had it been necessary for him to appear he would probably have been produced. Unfortunately, however, we live in a time when truth-tellers, who do not court persecution, are obliged to remain anonymous. From beginning to end of the article complained of—the which I have carefully read—I fail to discover a word or sentence which betrays any animus on the part of its author. The jury came to the only conclusion possible to them under the circumstances.



"It is not the length of the dress so much as the way in which it is worn."

One word more. Now that the question has been opened, other writers—probably more able writers—have taken it up. It will now be fully discussed in a hundred places, and the result must naturally turn to good. At the same time it should be observed that there is a way of dealing with these subjects. I have read in a contemporary sporting paper an article which is a striking illustration of how *not* to do it. It is a system which has to be attacked. The demolition of that system can never be achieved by writing scurrilous articles on individual actresses.

FÊTES AT CHANTILLY.—*Le Français* says that a series of brilliant fêtes is in preparation at Chantilly. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris have taken up their residence there till the end of December, and a number of stag hunts will take place. Appointments have already been made for the 12th, 17th, 21st, 26th, and 31st inst.

We noticed, on our last visit to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, that Messrs. L. and A. Pyke, the well-known "Abyssinian gold" manufacturers have opened a depot there for the exhibition and sale of their speciality, which we must say is most artistic and attractive. They have fitted the space allotted to them with great taste, exhibiting every description of jewellery, and were it not for the announcement that it is all "imitation," from its appearance we should unquestionably believe it to be 18-carat gold. Messrs. Pyke's great secret of success lies in the design and finish, each article being as carefully made as if it were of the finest gold, and in many instances real stones are used, which adds materially to its genuine appearance. The patterns are nearly all copies of the best articles of Westend jewellery, the result being that ladies moving in the highest circles may wear Abyssinian gold jewellery without the slightest fear of detection, and in case of loss it can be easily replaced for a few shillings. Hitherto a great prejudice has existed with regard to imitation jewellery, and this we believe solely on account of the roughness of the manufacture, but the "Abyssinian gold" is brought to such a high state of perfection that there is no longer room for prejudice or objection. Messrs. Pyke's manufactory is at 32 Ely Place, Holborn, and their retail establishments, 153 Cheapside, 153A Cheapside, and 168 Fleet Street.

## RECONSTRUCTION OF THE THEATRE ROYAL AT WORCESTER.

THE condition of this theatre has long been a reproach to the faithful city. But, unlike many other cities and towns, Worcester has failed to keep pace with modern requirements in respect of the provision necessary for the proper representation of the drama. We are gratified to be able to state that energetic and successful measures have been taken to remove from the city the stigma which was attached to it. Some time since the theatre became the property of Mr. H. G. Goldingham, the ex-Mayor, who was most desirous that it should be retained as a place of public entertainment, and that improvements should be effected as would render it worthy to the city. Recently a few gentlemen formed themselves into a committee, steps were then taken for the formation of a company, and negotiations were opened with Mr. Goldingham, who met the promoters in a very liberal spirit. The minimum value recently put upon the property was £2200, but Mr. Goldingham agreed to accept £1900, and the theatre has now passed into the company's hands. Among the impediments to improvement that have existed has been the want of room at the rear of the theatre. This has now been removed, for the purchase includes a large space hitherto used as a warehouse, the possession of which will enable the company to carry out the necessary alterations and additions; a renewed lease of the rooms over the adjoining property, and now occupied with the theatre, has been obtained, and an excellent opportunity is now afforded for reconstructing the building in such a manner that entertainments of the highest class may be given, and may command patronage far more liberal than that hitherto accorded.

The directors of the company have the assistance of Mr. Charles J. Phipps, F.S.A., of Mecklenburg Square, an architect of acknowledged ability. That Mr. Phipps has had great experience in these matters is shown when it is stated that he was engaged in the erection of the Gaiety, Queen's, Vaudeville, and the Variety, also the principal theatres of Bath, Bristol, Nottingham, Brighton, Birmingham, and Aberdeen. The whole of the property which the company have acquired has been surveyed by Mr. Phipps, who has furnished a report, in which it appears that by an outlay of £1800 to £2000 the building may be so adapted to present requirements as to attract London and provincial managers to visit the city.

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND T. STEVENS, JUN.—We hear that there is every probability that the case of T. Stevens, jun., who has been warned off Newmarket Heath by the Jockey Club, will be heard of shortly in one of our courts of law.

FOREIGN ARRIVALS AT NEWMARKET.—The two-year-old colt by Lord Clifden out of Stockings has arrived at A. Hayhoe's from Germany. J. Daley has also sent half a dozen—Gastgeber (winner of the Great International St. Leger at Baden-Baden), Gaura, Tybalt, Orphelin Fils, Walkyre, and Parasite—from the same country in charge of Wilson, the jockey, and it is understood that Daley himself is coming over to England shortly with some more.

M. SARDOU'S NEW DRAMA.—The Paris journals say that the city is disturbed at the present moment far less by the municipal elections or the meeting of the Assembly than by the cold which prevents Lafontaine from performing in Sardou's new drama, *La Haine*. The town is savage at repeated postponements, and people begin to say that the censorship prohibits the performance. The fact is, that the piece has been rehearsed and rehearsed until the performers have been wearied, and in the change of weather have taken cold. The *Gaulois* says it is truly a wonderful piece, for everybody who has read, studied, rehearsed, or played in it is at present ill in bed. Lafontaine, Clement Just, and Offenbach, all have had colds, while Sardou cannot open his mouth without sneezing, and instead of a voice a continued malediction proceeds from his throat. The last day of rehearsal was very severe, and the artists, notwithstanding their care, were unable to keep themselves warm. It is now, however, said that they are all mending, and that the doctors assert that they will be well enough to take part in the performance on Thursday night.

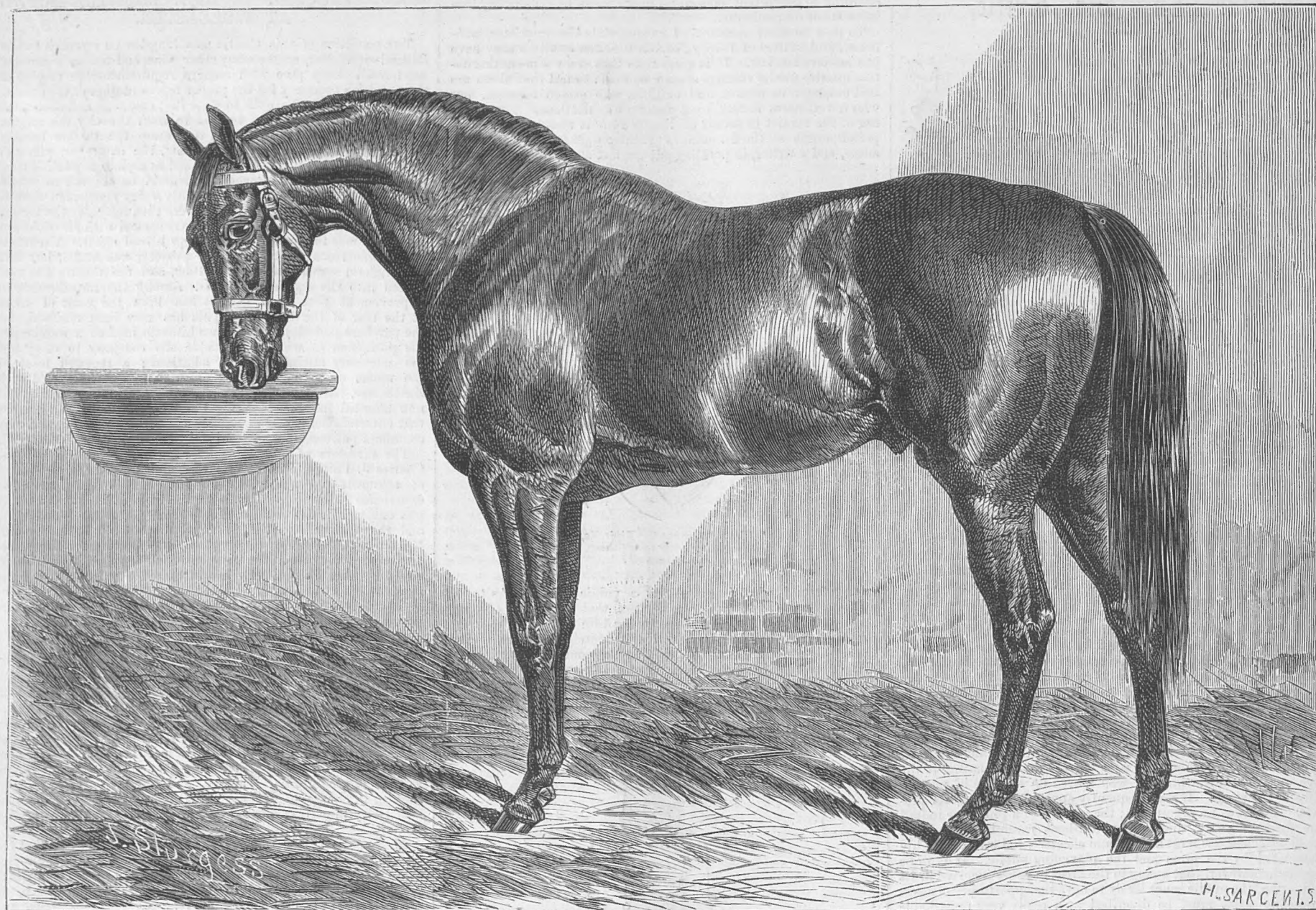
## FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XXIX.—BEADSMAN.

It is difficult to say how soon the Weatherbit blood might have lapsed into forgetfulness had it not been for the subject of our present notice. It is true we have other representatives of it among us in Brown Bread and Mandrake; and "Little Nep," the *quondam* Derby hope of poor "Jock of Oran's" heart, held brief but inglorious office among the sires of the day. Stoutness of heart and well proved staying powers are the characteristics of the Sheet Anchor line whence came Weatherbit and his descendants, but they do not inherit the "fatal gift of beauty," the possession of which has too often proved a snare and delusion to breeders, blindly content to follow symmetry of outline, instead of looking for the paramount qualities oftentimes hidden beneath a rugged exterior. Beadsman, when in training, was never a popular favourite, and it was probably this fact, coupled with Toxophilite's easy Goodwood victory, which caused popular opinion to veer in the direction of the black and white of the "Rupert of debate," and to put their faith in "Nat" and John Scott, rather than in "tiny" Wells and Sir Joseph's new trainer. Moreover, Beadsman did not proceed, after his Derby victory, to essay those Cup honours which too many of us, perhaps, have been led to believe are necessary to stamp the renown of Blue Riband winners; and his Turf career was too short to enable men to wipe from their minds the impression that he was but a "chance horse" at best, despite the well rewarded confidence of one of the acknowledged best judges of horses and racing which the Turf has produced in modern times. St. Leger honours do not seem to have possessed such charms for Sir Joseph as the first class at Epsom, and it is strange that the names of Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid, and Blue Gown, should all have been omitted from the Doncaster entries, and that fate should also deny him the double event with Pero Gomez. We are sorry to speak as of the past, in this fleeting notice of one whose Turf career has been as remarkable for its honour as its successes; but every lover of racing felt that in losing the "cherry and black" we were leaving behind us a landmark in Turf annals, and that the "old order changing, yielding place to new," would not readily fill the void left by his secession from our best loved sport. Like most successful owners, Sir Joseph Hawley early recognised the important truth that in the home paddock must be laid the foundations of success at the post; and his stud at Leybourne Grange accordingly began to assume more imposing dimensions by choice importations of the best strains of blood into the select coterie which acknowledged Mendicant as their queen.

Beadsman, by Weatherbit out of Mendicant, by Touchstone out of Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp from Kite, by Bustard, was bred by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1855, and was the fifth foal of his dam, for whom Sir Joseph was content to give 2500 guineas after his Chester Cup race, and with the Ascot Cup in prospect. To her new owner she was a most disappointing bargain so far as





"BEADSMAN."

concerned her racing career, but Sir Joseph was not the man to dispose of his high-priced purchase in pique, but resolved to abide by her fortunes at the stud. Mendicant was a mare of the highest class as a racer, and full of all that symmetry, quality, and action, which go so far to make up our *beau-ideal* of an Oaks winner. Her first foal by Don John died young, and Friar Tuck by Old England, Supplicant by Cowl or Nutwith, and Gaberlunzie by Don John, were "poor beggars" indeed compared with the result of her union with Weatherbit. Neither did she breed anything of note after Beadsman, thus furnishing another instance of a stud matron who has concentrated all her energies in the production of a wonder, and then relapsed once more into suckling those "fools" whose "small beer" performances the Turf chronicler is content to pass by in recording the more important characters and scenes in the history of racing.

Beadsman's yearling promise was none of the highest when he went up to matriculate at Stockbridge, and John Day could make nothing of him. He was a queer, angular, leggy style of youngster, with plenty to "grow to" if he could only be induced to make a start. The winter did not do much for him, but being a light-fleshed horse, it was deemed prudent to have a feeder with him in Alfred's hands, instead of throwing him up until the next year. Accordingly he was sent to Goodwood, and started for a 200 sovs. sweepstakes against Toxophilite, the Cymba colt, and a couple of others, over the T.Y.C. He seemed to be all abroad when they left the T.Y.C. post, and "Tox" disposed of him and Sir J. Mill's colt without much difficulty, the absence of a market price for the Weatherbit nag showing pretty accurately what they thought of him at Danebury. In the Ham, at the same meeting, he could only manage to run a dead heat with the very moderate Charles the Second for third place, Lord John Scott's magnificent Blanche of Middlebie winning cleverly, with Maid of Kent second and the rest beaten off. Beadsman seemed to pick up during the autumn, having been indulged for a time, and at the end of November he was transferred from Stockbridge to Cannon's Heath, where Manning (a pupil of Percy's, of Pimperne) took him in hand for his three-year-old engagements. Still he never filled out nor furnished, and the stable were rather in the dark about him until he came out at Newmarket Craven to oppose some very fair form in Star of the East, East Langton, and his old acquaintance, the Cymba colt. These he disposed of without much trouble under the pilotage of John Wells, and folks began to think more of his Derby chance when the judge could not divide Beadsman and Eclipse in the Newmarket Stakes, for which Mr. Padwick's horse subsequently walked over, after a division of the stakes. Toxophilite, Eclipse, and Ethiopian, all had the call of him at Epsom, whither Manning brought him in perfect condition after a very satisfactory trial with his owner's Two Thousand Guineas winner, Fitz-Roland. His coat shone like satin, his muscle was firm and hard, and his action light and elastic; but still they offered 10 to 1 against him to the end, notwithstanding the open support accorded to him by Sir Joseph, who expressed himself confident of the Derby issue. Nor was he ever "on thorns" during the race, for Wells, obeying his instructions to the letter, brought him up hand-over-hand in the final rush from the distance, and defeated Lord Derby's long deferred hopes of landing the race named after his House and wearing the Blue Riband of the Turf blended with that of the Premier of England in the same year.

His Stockbridge Triennial task was an easy one, with all his extra weight, and the remainder of his '58 career was merely a complimentary succession of receiving and paying forfeits; taking

them from Happy Land, and rendering them up to Princess and Eclipse, while in the Royal Stakes it was deemed the better policy to save his stake, and allow Streamer, whom he had beaten so easily in the spring, to walk over. Thus his racing career virtually terminated at Stockbridge, and it was no secret that his trainer doubted his standing another preparation. The winter's rest and vet's care brought no hope, and he was compelled to pay forfeit to Bird on the Wing at Newmarket Craven, and thenceforth he knew the race-course no more.

Beadsman was a striking instance of the truth of the Turf proverb, that "horses run in all shapes." No one would have picked him out, even from the moderate Derby field he succeeded in beating, for quality or symmetry; and, as "The Druid" said of him, "if the public thought him a 'rum 'un to look at,' they were more than ever confirmed in their opinion when his photograph appeared." Beadsman was a very dark brown horse, and the Derby polish put upon his coat by Manning is still a thing to be remembered by all who took stock of him in the paddock on the "day of days." He stood a good 15 hands 3 inches in height, and "looked it" to the full, being light and leggy, and slightly wanting in bone. His head was large, plain, and lean, with full and prominent eyes, and very well and cleanly set on to the elegantly arched neck, so seldom associated with the appearance of a genuine stayer. His shoulders were upright and a trifle loaded, but he had good depth through the heart, and atoned for a somewhat light barrel and ribs by a muscular back, with just a trifle too much length behind the saddle, rendered still more perceptible by his drooping quarters. His thighs and arms were plentifully furnished with muscle, and his legs generally clean and sound, and he was altogether one of those wiry-looking gentlemen who get through their work better than the magnificent dandies by which the popular eye is too often caught. Nothing could be finer than the style in which he swept past the stand at Epsom,

"With his neck in an arch, pulling double in front;"

and Sir Joseph, who never wavered for one moment in his allegiance to the brown, touched up the Ring (it was said) to the tune of £80,000 upon settling day; thus further justifying his appellation of the "lucky baronet," and ratifying the public verdict as to the tact and judgment with which he has been universally credited.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Beadsman that he did not leave his training stable with that enormous prestige which instantly causes the aspirant to stud honours to be overwhelmed with attentions from breeders, thus enabling him to "live in clover" with powers undeveloped for the delightful tasks set before him. For various reasons people did not take to the brown, and it may be doubted whether in the first instance Sir Joseph himself had any unswerving confidence in Beadsman as a stud horse. At any rate his faith was not supplemented by works, until the horse had been knocked about in the world for a season, and had learnt, perchance, from the coldness and neglect so often accorded to rising merit, to enjoy more fully the magnificent position he was enabled to attain before his death. Then indeed "all the markets" may be said to have overflowed with suitors, and the foreigners had to gaze in vain longing for the fruit they could not obtain at any price. And as if in scorn of the long continued public indifference, Beadsman served his old master the best, and his magnificent succession of winners were mainly those who had cropped the sweet pastures within the walled paddocks of the Kentish grange, and had taken their breathings under Porter's care over the breezy undulating tracks of Cannon's Heath.

Beadsman settled down to stud life in 1860, at Leybourne Grange, at the very modest figure of 20 guineas a mare, but failed to secure any public support, though his owner allotted him four of his best mares. The next season, in which he stood along with Charleston and Cowl, at Messrs. Barrow's establishment at Newmarket, did not bring him any appreciable increase of patronage, only two public mares falling to his share, besides three of Sir Joseph's, who was determined to give him a chance of distinction. In 1862 he returned to his old home in the "garden of England," but was still doomed to neglect, having only three thorough-bred mares on his list besides his owner's half-dozen, which, however, included Madame Eglantine and Salamanca. 1863 still saw him priced at 20 guineas, with his list slightly enlarged, and it was in his 1864 season that he begot Blue Gown, Green Sleeves, and Rosicrucian, subsequently the mightiest two-year-old hand ever held by any British sportsman. Fourteen consorts were Beadsman's portion in the succeeding year, when his fee was raised to 25 guineas, an honour duly acknowledged by the production of Pero Gomez in the following spring; but in the year which witnessed the *début* of the "glorious three" above alluded to he was once more condemned to exile, and stood under Smallwood's care at Middlethorpe, near York, soliciting 10-guinea subscriptions in vain from Northern breeders. Taking pity on his forlorn condition, Mr. Smallwood treated him with Demivolté, whose produce came up to Doncaster the next autumn, and found a purchaser in Mr. Savile. Meanwhile Blue Gown and others had not been idle, and Beadsman was soon rescued from his obscurity to assume once more the part of Grand Master at Leybourne, where he effectually "put out the pipes" of Asteroid, Fitz-Roland, and Co., who had held sway in the harem during his absence.

Thenceforward he rose rapidly in popular estimation, as the following table of his foals from 1861 to 1873 will amply testify, and it was found necessary to place a judicious limit upon the 10 0-guinea subscription to which his merits as a sire had so fully entitled him.

1861	..... 4 foals.	1868	..... 3 foals.
1862	..... 5 "	1869	..... 11 "
1863	..... 9 "	1870	..... 21 "
1864	..... 10 "	1871	..... 12 "
1865	..... 12 "	1872	..... 13 "
1866	..... 3 "	1873	..... 21 "
1867	..... 1 "		

We should add that in 1869 he stood at Hurstbourne for the season, but returned to Leybourne Grange in the autumn of that year, standing there in 1870, and the succeeding years, until his death, at the age of 17, on July 5, 1872. The foreigners early set their eyes and hearts upon Blue Gown, but, fortunately for the English stud, we have The Palmer, Rosicrucian, and Pero Gomez left among us to perpetuate the excellencies of the blood, and to found another line of kings boasting descent from Weatherbit, thus rescuing from oblivion a race which had wellnigh become extinct. To the hands of such representatives the family honour may well be committed, and the young Palmers may be said to have begun fairly, with every promise of continuance in their well-doing. And possibly it is owing to the appearance of Rosicrucian's foals being so greatly in his favour that his lessee, Mr. Blenkiron, has promoted him thus early in life to the "century" division, to which so many older and better tried sires have aspired in vain. We shall have more to say when "Rosi" himself comes under our notice; and the public will have an early opportunity of appraising the quality of his stock when they make their first bow to the public next year.





"HOLD HARD!"



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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

In a period of admitted depression in racing affairs, it is satisfactory to the Turf to be able to show a clean bill of health, so far as betting scandals are concerned. The legitimate season has passed away, and we have happily been spared those formerly notorious milkings and scratchings through the means of which the public is victimised. Even Chester passed by without its annual offering of a "dead 'un" to the bookmakers, and nothing arose in connection with the betting on the Northumberland Plate to show that its ancient traditions were to be maintained of having one or more "book-horses" in the quotations. If we have lost by the evident decline in betting, more especially as regards the winter Derby speculation, we have gained more through the new feature of genuineness with which it has been invested. Sooth to say, that long-suffering body, the British public, have at last made up their minds to place no further credence in the reports of transactions in the Turf market, which were so cleverly cooked and served up by certain pullers of the strings in the sporting press. For a long period the irrepressible backer of horses sucked down all the claptrap and humbug of the "latest quotations" as glibly as the trout a mayfly, only to find themselves with a very nasty hook in their jaws, and judiciously being played towards land. Then followed the imaginary "ponies" and fictitious "monkeys" which spirited speculators were supposed to invest, and great importance was attached to the moves of a "clever division" always being invented for the special delectation of the multitude. Somehow, these gigantic transactions could never subsequently be traced, but still "the faithful" did not despair, and believed themselves to be on the right side, even to the last. Hence there was no difficulty in concocting the most impudent robberies with impunity, with a good fat bet for a decoy duck; and the victims were unsparingly bled as soon as the net became moderately full, while there remained plenty outside to furnish a fresh supply for another occasion.

By "writing up" some impossible horse, whose public credentials are sufficiently good to ensure support on the part of that large body of backers who consistently follow the money, it is easy enough to bring him into notoriety, and to increase his reputation by making a market for him among a certain clique of operators. By a clever system of management they contrive to inoculate outsiders with a conviction of the genuineness of their transactions, and are thus enabled to garner in golden gains by substantial bets at short odds. Not many years since we had an instance of public support awarded to a notorious cripple, entirely by means of false representations and flash bets. When the horse could scarcely raise a gallop, he was reputed in good work and improving daily, while operators took care to keep his name prominently before the public, who followed their leaders blindly, and met with a fate not altogether undeserved. Through such practices owners and trainers, who really wish to act loyally by the public, fall into bad repute, as the very individuals who were so active in "bonneting" for the animal are the first to turn round and hint at bad faith on the part of the stable. The public appears to have "tumbled" to this game at last, but only after a series of fleecings such as it is next to impossible to suppose could be so patiently borne. Their trust in talented cliques and clever parties has also been somewhat rudely shaken, the latter of course finding it far the most remunerative course to milk the too eager flock by the certainty of losing, rather than allow them to share their gains, taking all risk and casualties into account. The veriest Cressus could not long stand out against such a series of combinations as have been systematically carried out of late years, though, we fancy, infatuation would still prompt many to cut in again, did their purses allow of it. We can never hope to improve these boobies and noddies out of the land, but we may effect some good by exhibiting them in the claws of their rapacious captors, and so warn others against a similar fate.

"Where has all the money gone to?" was a query recently propounded on the return journey from a somewhat tame and flat sale of yearlings in the country. If the answer "to the Jews and bookmakers" be true, we stand but a poor chance of that useful circulating medium being squandered in a Turf revival, or of its being applied to the improvement of the thorough-bred. They who keep the bank are not in the habit of throwing even stray pieces on any colour or number before them. They know a game worth two of that, and are perfectly content for others to keep the instruments for them to gamble upon. Most of them have doubtless feathered their nests pretty well, and are the last people to launch out into extravagances, knowing as they do every secret of the prison-house with which

they have so long been connected. Still, even such as these must acknowledge that their opportunities of gain are not what they used to be, that the places left vacant by recent high-class secessions from the Turf have not been supplemented—that men have changed with the times—and that the danger looms before them of having to fall tooth and nail on their own kind, or to relinquish business altogether. We should be no losers by this latter course, but it is not likely to be necessitated just yet, though the Turf is passing through a season of doubt and anxiety. A change must take place shortly, either for better or worse, as it is impossible things can go on as they are. An infusion of new blood might work wonders, provided a higher tone of morality could be sustained; but we fear the chances are against this, and in favour of a "backwardation" rather than a rise. When some score of high-class supporters of the Turf have deceased or retired, there is every chance of their places being filled by those pettifogging sportsmen, a leaven of which is enough to ruin its prospects. When this state of things exists, we might well wish them to fall upon and devour each other like Kilkenny cats; for there will be nothing left for them to prey upon outside the pale they have established for themselves.

## SALMON POACHING IN IRELAND.

SOME years ago, when salmon fetched from twopence to threepence the pound on the western coast of Ireland, and domestic servants made it a special agreement with their employers that they should not be compelled to eat salmon more than four day's a week for their dinners, it used to form part of a summer's evening's amusement for the young gentlemen, and perhaps the young ladies too of a riverain proprietor's family, to stroll out and see the neighbouring peasantry spearing salmon and trout for their own proper benefit. The fish were so abundant, and their monetary value so little, that the proprietor who grudged his tenantry the amusement of killing the fish after their fashion, would soon become unpopular, and the practice was tolerated, because it benefited the poor, and interfered but little with the proprietary interests of the owners. "The Big House" was always sure of abundance of fish fresh for the dinner table, either from the rods of the keepers, or the young people of the family, and as salmon and trout were only then valued when transferred from the lake or river, as the case might be, as quickly as possible to the fish-kettle for the approaching meal, it was never considered as any remarkable concession that the lower classes should be permitted to participate in such delicious gifts of nature. But the steam-engine soon changed this primitive state of things. As railways extended, the prices of those valued fishes rose as rapidly as the means of conveying them to the London and other English markets were increased. And then the law was had recourse to to preserve them for the special benefit of those to whom, in its eye, they really and indisputably belonged. The practice before tolerated became forbidden from the great pecuniary losses which it entailed, and the weird-like process of spearing the fishes now carried on with as much secrecy as any other description of poaching. Our artist has furnished a sketch which will enable our readers to form a correct idea of the proceeding. In this instance three men with two dogs compose the party. Stationing themselves at one of the narrow and shallow passes of a river which is interspersed with rocks, one man with his dog gets into the water to deter the fish from passing on that side, while on the other stands one man with a lighted torch, which not only dazzles the sight of the fish as it approaches, but renders it perfectly visible to his companion, who, spear in hand, strikes when his prey comes with reach, and drags him to shore as he is exhibited doing in the sketch. It may be remarked how very observant of the whole proceeding the dog at his side is, being quite prepared to give his assistance if necessary; while on the opposite bank the man, aware of the capture of the fish, is giving the signal to his outlying friends to come and carry it off out of harm's way, and his dog is "giving tongue" the more speedily to attract their attention.

## Hunting.

## LORD COVENTRY'S HOUNDS.

THE meet of this pack on Tuesday was at Leigh Sinton, where a fair field, including the following, had assembled:—Messrs. T. H. Ashton, J. Coucher, Caldicott, W. Essex, J. Walker (Knightwick), G. Essex (Cotheridge), W. Essex (Leigh Sinton), J. Turley (Hollins), &c. The first draw was at the Sturtes, which was first drawn, but could not get a fox. Drew round for Malvern Link, then on to Lower Howsell, up to Mr. Little's Birchwood, when a fox was soon on his feet, made across for the hill, on to Birchwood, then back into the covert, and was soon afterwards given up.

## WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS.

ON Saturday last these hounds met at the Red Lion Inn, Holt, where a fair muster of the hunt had assembled. The first draw was at Monk Wood, where a fox was soon on foot. Broke away quick, ran him round for Wichenford Church, when he was lost after 45 minutes' run. Went from here to Thorn Grove, which was drawn blank; also Mr. Teames at Hallow. The meet on Monday was at Bishops Wood, this wood was drawn with a bad result, which caused us to throw in at Stone, where we found a fox, had a check after a run of 35 minutes, when he made away quick for Lord Dudley's covert, and on to Broom, where we unfortunately lost him.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will, with three codicils, dated July 12, 1869, April 13, 1872, and April 6 and June 7, 1874, of Robert Berkeley, late of Spetchley Park, Worcestershire, who died Sept. 26 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Charles John Eyston, the sole executor, the personal estate being sworn under £60,000. The testator leaves to his daughter, Miss Harriet Eliza Berkeley, an annuity of £400, charged on certain of his real estate, and subject thereto, he devises all his real, copyhold, and leasehold estate to the use of his eldest son, Robert Berkeley, for life, with remainder to his sons successively, according to seniority in tail male; to his butler, George Carr, he bequeaths a legacy of £50, if in his service at the time of his decease; to his gardener, James Taylor, his groom, Robert Eves, and his footman, John Ross, annuities of £60, £50, and £42 respectively on the like condition; all his furniture and effects at Spetchley Park to his eldest son, and the residue of his personal estate between all his children living at the time of his death.

The will and codicil, dated March 24 and Nov. 26, 1873, of the Rev. John Lucy, Rector of Hampton Lucy, Warwickshire, who died on Oct. 14 last, were proved on the 24th ult. by Lawrence Birch and Lionel Skipworth, the executors, under £60,000.

Testator bequeaths to his nephew, Edmund Berkeley Lucy, £8000; to his housekeeper, Mrs. Toogood, an annuity of £100; to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Worcester Diocesan Church Extension Society, and the Stratford-on-Avon Infirmary, £100 each; and there is a bequest for the poor of Hampton Lucy. Testator also provides for the placing of a stained-glass window as a memorial of him in the church of that parish. The residue of his personalty he leaves upon trust for the children of his nephew, Henry Spencer Lucy; and he devises to his said nephew all his real estate.

The will and three codicils, dated respectively Jan. 2, and July 10, 1873, and July 25 and Sept. 25 last, of Shelford Clarke Bidwell, late of Thetford, Norfolk, who died on Oct. 25, were proved on the 20th ult. by Mrs. Theophila Anne Bidwell, the widow, Thomas Shelford Bidwell and Shelford Bidwell, the sons, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £60,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife £1,500 and an annuity of £300; to his son Shelford, legacies amounting together to £25,000 in addition to the moiety of two sums of £10,000 and £2,000 on the death of Mrs. Bidwell; and the whole of the remainder of his property he gives to his son Thomas.

The will, dated May 6, 1873, of Henry Walker, formerly of No. 5, Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, but late of No. 86, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 28 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Mrs. Amelia Walker, the widow, William Henry Whitfield, Llewelyn Wynne, and Banister Fletcher, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £60,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife all his household furniture, £1000, and the interest of £15,000 stock in the Government funds for life; and there are many other legacies. As to the residue of his property, one fourth is to go to the children of his deceased brother, Captain Joseph Walker; one fourth to the children of his niece, Mrs. Harriet Powell; one fourth to the children of his niece, Mrs. Hester Whitfield; and the remaining fourth to the children of his wife's niece, Mrs. Eliza Headland.

The will and codicil, dated July 11 and Aug. 20, 1872, of Simeon Oppenheim, late of No. 16, Westbourne Square, Paddington, who died on Oct. 22 last, were proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Maria Oppenheim, the widow, Morris Simeon Oppenheim, Samuel Simeon Oppenheim, and Lewis Oppenheim, the sons, the executors, the personalty being sworn under £12,000. The testator bequeaths 10 guineas to the vestry of the United Synagogue, and, on the death of his wife, the further sum of £300, free of duty. The income of this latter sum is to be applied for the relief of poor, distressed, and needy persons, of the Jewish religion; and he directs his trustees, on the death of his wife, to distribute at their discretion the sum of £200 amongst the Jewish charitable institutions in England, or such Jewish men and women as may have become reduced in circumstances and have a family to maintain.—From the Illustrated London News, Dec. 12, 1874.

### SALE OF HORSES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

AT ALBERT GATE, ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 7.

BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE MR. WATT.		Gs.
THE PET (1859), by Daniel O'Rourke out of Birthday, by Assault; covered by Scottish Chief	Mr. Blackman	280
Ch yearling, c by Blair Athol out of The Pet	Mr. T. Green	500
Filly foal, by Blair Athol out of The Pet	Mr. Edwards	250
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.		
ACE OF SPADES, by King of Trumps out of Eremit's dam	Mr. Petersham	35
QUEEN MARY, by King John out of Delight, by Birdcatcher; covered by Ace of Spades	Mr. Case	12
LADY LILIAN, 3 yrs, by Lord Clifden out of Pimpernel, by Sweetmeat	Mr. Rice	62
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.		
THE WHITE LADY (1862), ch m, by Knight of Avenel out of Mormonite, by Iago; covered by Le Maréchal	Mr. Wood	25
YOUNG HOODWINK (1865), ch m, by Knight of Avenel out of Hoodwink, by Backbiter; covered by Le Maréchal	Mr. Goddard	25
HORSES, WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS, FROM THE MANTON STABLE.		
JESTER, b h, 5 yrs, by Lord of the Isles out of The Hawk, by Alarm	Mr. K. Walker	25
JEAMES, ch c, 3 yrs, by Cambuscan out of Plush, by Plenipotentiary	Mr. T. H. Smith	60
BEGGARMAN, br c, 3 yrs, by Beadsman out of Frailty, by Stockwell	Mr. A. Taylor	36
GLENORCHY, ch c, 2 yrs, by Breadalbane out of Intimidation, by Orlando	Mr. Thornton	25
CARO, ch c, 3 yrs, by Thormanby out of Carine, by Stockwell	Mr. T. Green	170
ABINGDON, br c, 3 yrs, by Oxford out of Honeymoon, by Coranna	Mr. Enoch	180
DALNAMAIN, ch f, 3 yrs, by Thormanby out of Mayonaise, by Teddington	Mr. G. Masterman	200
B f, 2 yrs, by Trumpeter out of Teterrina, by Voltigeur	Mr. Elman	25
PUCELLE, ch f, 2 yrs, by Saunterer out of Old Maid, by Robert de Gorham	Mr. Stone	90
MISS STRAFFORD, b f, 2 yrs, by Bro to Stafford out of Mrs. Waller, by King Tom	Mr. T. Bossiere	30
GREENWICH FAIR, by Woolwich out of Moodkee, by Venison; covered by roan horse by Bro to Bird on the Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam	Mr. Eglinton	13
DEVIC, br m, by Springy Jack out of Decoy, by Filho da Puta; covered by See-Saw	Mr. Thomas	17
SCHISM, b m, by Surplice out of Latitude, by Langar; covered by See-Saw	Mr. Case	11
COLONEL RYAN, b h, 6 yrs, by Buccaneer out of Ambassador, by Plenipotentiary	Mr. Markham	10

FRENCH SPORTING ITEMS.—Vivarais (foaled in 1873), by Vermont out of Violet, who some weeks ago was attacked with an incurable malady, was shot on Monday week. The colt belonged to M. H. Delamarre.—Courtesan (foaled in England) has arrived at Stripp's training quarters, and will be trained for cross-country work.—Revigny and Trocadéro will stand next season at the haras of Victot.—Montargis was fired on Saturday at Lacroix-Saint-Ouen.

KINGSBURY CHRISTMAS STEEPLE-CHASES.—This old-established gathering will take place on December 26, 28, and 29, under the management of the Ealing Steeple-chase Committee. There are twenty-one races in the three days. Owners of horses are reminded that should the weather be such that these chases cannot take place, entries for the 26th stand over for the following week, for the 28th and 29th for two weeks; and if not able to be run for in 1874, the weights for weight for age races will be the same as if the meeting had taken place on the original fixture.

SUPPRESSION OF BETTING AT SHEFFIELD.—The Sheffield Watch Committee have sent a letter, through the town clerk, to the proprietors of the Hyde Park, Newhall, and Queen's grounds, in which they state that the system of betting carried on in those grounds is in contravention of the provisions of the Act for the Suppression of Betting Houses, 16th and 17th Vic., cap. 119. The Watch Committee are determined to enforce strictly the observance of that Act within the borough, and in any cases of its breach which come to their knowledge they would press for the infliction of the utmost penalty. The proprietors are particularly cautioned against permitting any person to use the grounds or any part of the premises for the purpose of betting with others who may resort there for that purpose. The most important clause in the letter, however, is the one which states that any game played on any licensed premises for money, beer, or money's worth, or at which there is betting, is illegal, and the landlord renders himself liable to a fine of £10 for the first offence, and £20 for the second.

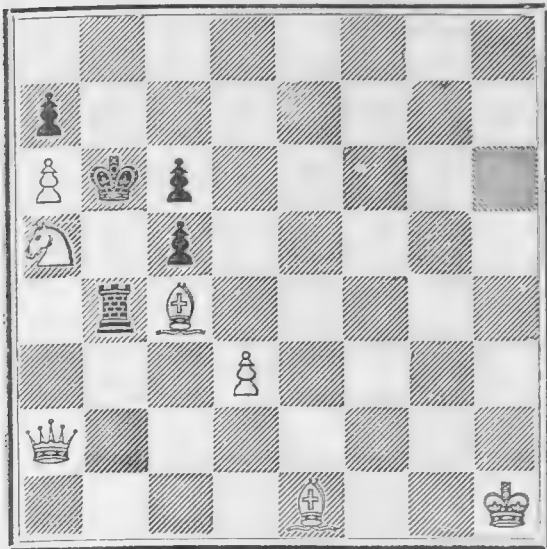


# Chess.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

## PROBLEM No. 33. By Mr. R. B. WORMALD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 32.

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.            | BLACK.             |
| 1. Q to K sq (ch) | 1. K to Q 5 (best) |
| 2. R to K 6       | 2. B takes R (A)   |
| 3. Q to B 2 (ch)  | 3. K moves         |
| 4. Q mates.       |                    |
- (A) 2. K to Q B 4  
3. Q to K 3 (ch), and mates next move.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. A.—It shall be examined and reported upon.  
Correct solutions received from J. H. A., R. W. S., TREVOR, and J. JONES.

A game in the late match between Mr. Weisker and Mr. Macdonnell:—

#### [EVANS' GAMBIT.]

- |                     |                      |                  |                    |
|---------------------|----------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. W.)      | BLACK (Mr. M.)       | WHITE (Mr. W.)   | BLACK (Mr. M.)     |
| 1. P to K 4         | 1. P to K 4          | 21. B to K 2     | 21. Kt to Q Kt 2   |
| 2. Kt to K B 3      | 2. Kt to Q B 3       | 22. Q R to B sq  | 22. Kt to Q 3      |
| 3. B to Q B 4       | 3. B to Q B 4        | 23. P to K B 4   | 23. P takes P      |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4      | 4. B takes Q Kt P    | 24. R takes P    | 24. Kt to B 2      |
| 5. P to Q B 3       | 5. B to Q B 4        | 25. K R to B sq  | 25. B takes Kt     |
| 6. Castles          | 6. P to Q 3          | 26. P takes B    | 26. Kt to Q 3      |
| 7. P to Q 4         | 7. P takes P         | 27. B to B 3     | 27. Q to K sq      |
| 8. P takes P        | 8. B to Q Kt 3       | 28. K R to K sq  | 28. Q to Kt 3      |
| 9. P to Q 5         | 9. Kt to Q R 4       | 29. Kt to B sq   | 29. R to K sq      |
| 10. B to Q Kt 2     | 10. Kt to K 2        | 30. Q to K B 4   | 30. R to K 4       |
| 11. B to Q 3        | 11. Castles          | 31. Kt to Q 2    | 31. B to Q 2       |
| 12. Kt to Q B 3     | 12. Kt to K Kt 3     | 32. B to Q sq    | 32. Q R to K sq    |
| 13. Kt to K 2       | 13. P to Q B 4       | 33. B to B 2     | 33. B to Kt 5      |
| 14. Q to K 2        | 14. P to K B 3       | 34. R to K 3 (d) | 34. Kt to K B 4    |
| 15. K to R sq       | 15. B to Q B 2       | 35. K R to K sq  | 35. Kt to Q 5      |
| 16. Kt to Kt 3 (a)  | 16. R to Q Kt sq (b) | 36. Q to K 3     | 36. Kt takes B (e) |
| 17. Kt to K sq      | 17. P to Q Kt 4      | 37. R takes B    | 37. R takes Q P    |
| 18. Kt to Q B 2 (c) | 18. Kt to K 4        | 38. Q takes P    | 38. R takes Kt     |
| 19. B takes Kt      | 19. Q P takes B      | 39. R takes R    | 39. Q to R 3 (ch)  |
| 20. Kt to K 3       | 20. P to Q B 5       |                  |                    |
- And White resigned.

#### NOTES.

- (a) It is generally recommended to play Q R to B sq at this point.  
(b) This move bids fair to completely supersede the old play of P to Q R 3.  
(c) By no means a commendable innovation. He should have played P to K B 4 at once.  
(d) Up to this point White has conducted this up-hill defence with great patience and skill. The move in the text, however, allows the adverse Knight to enter his game with fatal effect.  
(e) This move wins the Queen's Pawn, and is better than Q to R 4 (ch), followed by Kt to K 7 (ch), which would have gained the exchange, but have left White with a defensible position.

For the following specimen of Mr. Morphy's play, which is not to be found in any published collection of his games, we are indebted to the *City of London Chess Magazine*:—

#### [KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED.]

- |                   |                       |                    |                     |
|-------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE.            | BLACK.                | WHITE.             | BLACK.              |
| (Mr. Morphy.)     | (Mr. Boden.)          | (Mr. Morphy.)      | (Mr. Boden.)        |
| 1. P to K 4       | 1. P to K 4           | 16. P takes P      | 16. Kt to K R 4     |
| 2. P to K B 4     | 2. B to Q B 4         | 17. Kt to K 4      | 17. Castles (K R)   |
| 3. Kt to K B 3    | 3. P to Q 3           | 18. B to Q Kt 2    | 18. Kt to K B 5     |
| 4. P to Q B 3     | 4. B to K Kt 5        | 19. K R to K Kt    | 19. Q R to Q sq (e) |
| 5. B to Q B 4 (a) | 5. Q to K 2           | 20. P to K 6       | 20. B to Q 5        |
| 6. P to Q 4 (b)   | 6. P takes Q P        | 21. P takes P (ch) | 21. K to R sq       |
| 7. Castles        | 7. Kt to Q B 3        | 22. R to K Kt 4    | 22. B takes B       |
| 8. P to Q Kt 4    | 8. B to Q Kt 3        | 23. Q takes B      | 23. R takes P       |
| 9. P to Q R 4     | 9. P takes P (dis ch) | 24. B takes R      | 24. Q takes B       |
| 10. K to R sq     | 10. P to B 7          | 25. Kt to K Kt 5   | 25. Q to Q 4        |
| 11. Q takes P     | 11. P takes Kt        | 26. R takes Kt     | 26. Q takes Kt      |
| 12. P takes B     | 12. Kt takes P        | 27. R to K Kt sq   | 27. Q to K R 3      |
| 13. Q to Q Kt 3   | 13. P to Q R 4 (c)    | 28. R to K B 7     | 28. R to K Kt sq    |
| 14. Kt to Q B 3   | 14. Kt to K B 3       | 29. R takes Q B P  | 29. Kt to Q 6       |
| 15. P to K 5      | 15. P takes P         | 30. Q to K 4       |                     |
- And Black resigned.

#### NOTES.

- (a) This is quite as good as the old move of 5. B to K 2.  
(b) White appears to get no adequate return, in the shape of attack for this sacrifice of the Queen's Pawn.  
(c) All this is very well played by Black. From this point, with care he ought to win.  
(d) The only move apparently to give him a chance of retrieving his position.  
(e) Overlooking altogether the advance of the King's Pawn.  
The remainder of the game is beautifully played by Mr. Morphy.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. Hogg, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Advrt.]

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—“By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.”—*Civil Service Gazette*.—[Advrt.]

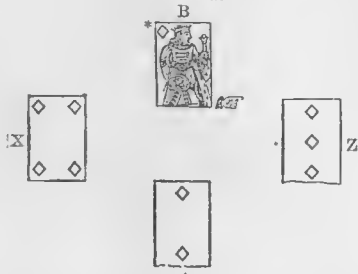
# Whist.

ANOTHER elementary hand from actual play. It illustrates the importance of getting rid of a card which would stop your partner's suit.

The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given, A and B being partners against X and Z. The index (♣) denotes the leader, and the card with the asterisk (\*) wins the trick. X deals and turns up the Seven of Spades. Score.—A B, 2; X Z, 4.

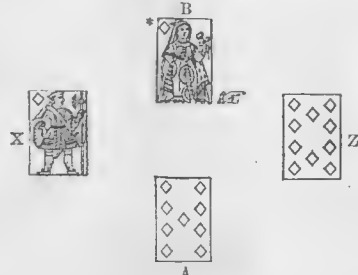
- |                         |                                 |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| A'S HAND.               | B'S HAND.                       |
| Spades —Ace, 6, 4.      | Spades —King, 5, 3, 2.          |
| Diamonds—Ace, 9, 2.     | Diamonds—King, Qn., 8, 7, 6, 5. |
| Hearts —10, 7, 6, 3, 2. | Hearts —Knave.                  |
| Clubs —Queen, 8.        | Clubs —9, 3.                    |
- |                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| X'S HAND.                     | Z'S HAND.                  |
| Spades —Queen, 8, 7.          | Spades —Knave, 10, 9.      |
| Diamonds—Knave, 4.            | Diamonds—10, 3.            |
| Hearts —Ace, 9, 5.            | Hearts —King, Queen, 8, 4. |
| Clubs —Ace, Kg., Knave, 6, 2. | Clubs —10, 7, 5, 4.        |

## TRICK 1.



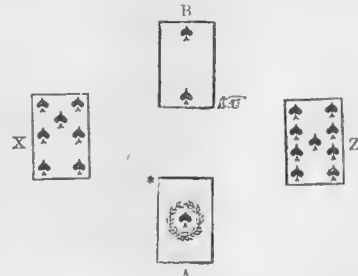
TRICK 1.—Won by B. A B, 1; X Z, 0.  
B leads from his strongest suit. Having King, Queen, he leads King.

## TRICK 2.



TRICK 2.—Won by B. A B, 2; X Z, 0.  
This was questionable play on the part of B. He ought to have led the Five of Diamonds, but he probably thought the Ace was held up against him by one of the adversaries. It is clear to A, from the fall of the cards, Z having played the Ten and X the Knave of Diamonds, that all the other Diamonds, with the exception of the Ace, are in his partner's hand.

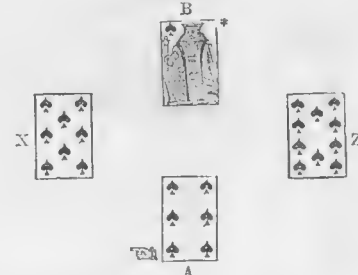
## TRICK 3.



TRICK 3.—Won by A. A B, 3; X Z, 0.

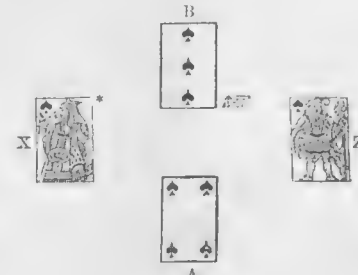
This lead of trumps is very risky on the part of B, as he is so extremely weak in Clubs and Hearts. Perhaps his safest lead was the Knave of Hearts. He obviously dare not continue the Diamonds, as it is clear, from the fall of the cards, that the only Diamond unaccounted for is the Ace, which must be in his partner's hand, and one of his adversaries will, therefore, trump, and the other discard.

## TRICK 4.



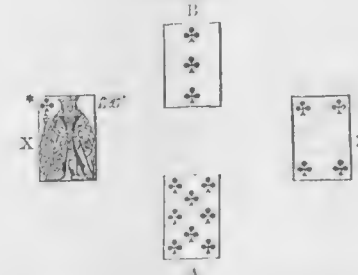
TRICK 4.—Won by B. A B, 4; X Z, 0.  
A returns his partner's lead of trumps. Having originally three only of the suit, he leads back the higher of the two remaining.

## TRICK 5.



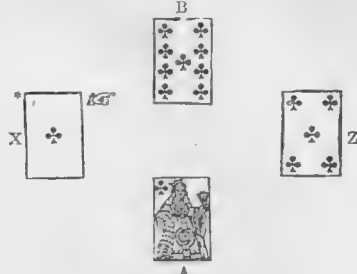
TRICK 5.—Won by X. A B, 4; X Z, 1.

## TRICK 6.



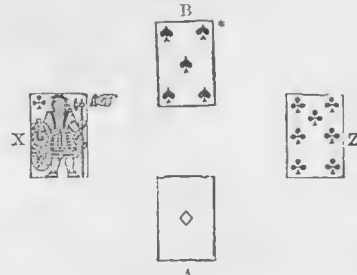
TRICK 6.—Won by X. A B, 4; X Z, 2.  
X opens his strong suit.

## TRICK 7.



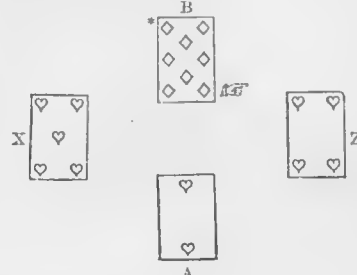
TRICK 7.—Won by X. A B, 4; X Z, 3.

## TRICK 8.



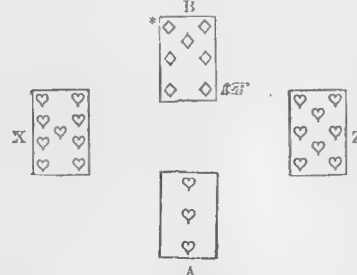
TRICK 8.—Won by B. A B, 5; X Z, 3.  
This is well played by A; indeed it is the only noteworthy feature of the hand. He knows (see Tricks 1 and 2) that his partner holds all the remaining Diamonds, and therefore very properly discards the Ace, so as not to stop his partner's suit. This is a very simple coup, but how often are these simple coups missed.

## TRICK 9.



TRICK 9.—Won by B. A B, 6; X Z, 3.

## TRICK 10.



TRICK 10.—Won by B. A B, 7; X Z, 3.  
TRICKS 11 AND 12.—B leads the two remaining Diamonds, and A and B win three by cards and game. This is an extremely lucky hand for B.

## "HOLD HARD!"

“Bors, to the hunting-field! Though 'tis November,  
The wind 's in the south; but a word ere we start:  
However excited, you'll please to remember  
That hunting 's a science and riding an art.  
The fox takes precedence of all from the cover;  
The hunter 's an animal purposely bred  
After the pack to be ridden, not oer;  
Foxhounds are not reared to be knocked on the head.”

So sang Egerton Warburton, in his day the Poet Laureate, and one of the hardest riders of the Tarporley Hunt; and in one stanza packed the pith of a volume of sound advice.

The long expecting crowd of horsemen round a Hampshire fox covert, after waiting in a fever of excitement since the first old hound gave tongue and the eager pack joined in, have heard the delightful sound of “Tally-ho! Away!” A couple of hounds have got away at the tail of the fox, but the body of the pack are at the far end of the plantation. Everything depends on the prudence and deceptive of the field. “Hold hard!” cries the master, in a stentorian voice; “Hold hard, gentlemen, and let the hounds come first. Too! too! too! goes the horn of the huntsman, and as he cheers his darlings on adds an aside of “Don't spoil your own sport, gentlemen!”

There is an etiquette of the hunting-field quite as important as the etiquette of the ball-room, the leading points of which are very plainly set down in the following paragraphs of the last number of Mr. S. Sidney's “Book of the Horse”:

“When the hounds move off, keep them in sight or within hearing, if you can. In a woodland county you will do best by riding ‘down wind.’ Some say always go where the hounds go, which is good advice if some experienced member of the hunt lead the way, but there are covers in which, if you followed the huntsman, he would think you a nuisance.

“A huntsman when the hounds are in covert always dislikes to have any one near him.

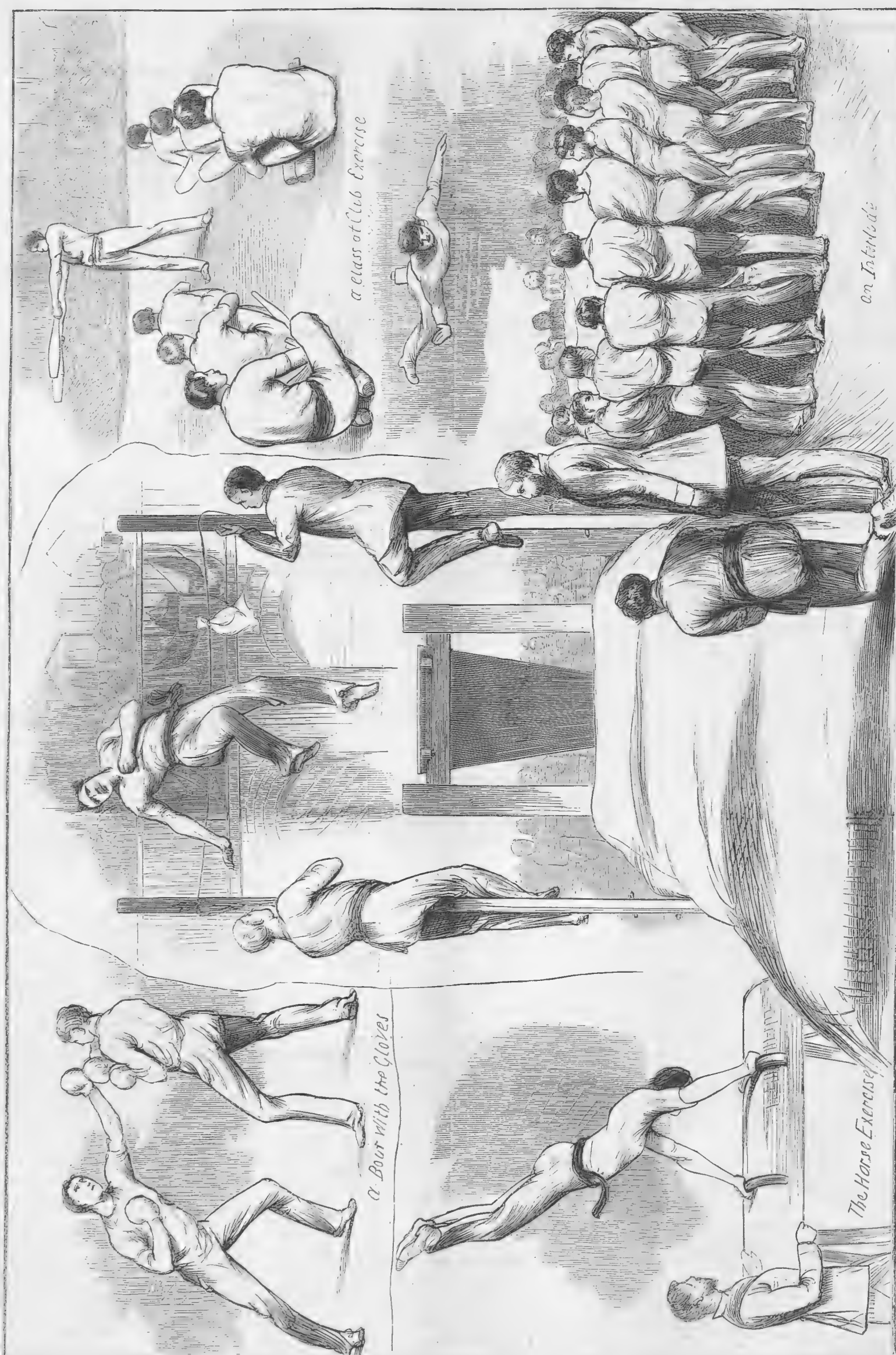
“When waiting at coverside watching for the fox to break, on no account hallo when you first view him, or you make him turn back. Let him get well away. Then put up your hat and give one scream, if you know how. Do not then presume to leave your post until the huntsman with the body of the pack comes to the place where the fox went away—above all don't try to get a start with two or three couple of hounds, and by being too eager and forward incur the just wrath of the huntsman.

“And when, after the first burst, a check comes, you will do yourself more credit, if in front, by pulling up short, standing still, and noting exactly where it occurred, than by the most desperate leap. Never forget that your sport depends on the hounds first and the huntsman next.”

OLD ROCK STEEPLE-CHASES.—The stewards of the Old Rock Races have duly investigated the objection against Fanny Fowler for the Consolation Stakes, and being of opinion that she was wrongly nominated, have accordingly awarded the stakes to Mr. Jackson's Game Boy, who came in second.

TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS FOR HORSES.—“They possess extraordinary merit.”—*Bell's Life*. “Try Taylor's Condition Balls.”—*The Field*. “They are invaluable.”—*Sunday Times*. “An invaluable medicine.”—*York Herald*. “I have never used so efficient a ball.”—*John Scott*. N.B.—The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder; may be had of all chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Advrt.]





SKETCHES AT THE GERMAN "TURNVEREIN,"



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directly with the Lord Chamberlain after I received the lawyer's letter in this case. I met Mr. Spencer Ponsonby in the street, and said I was going to see *Vert-Vert*, and he said he had numerous complaints, and wished me to let him know what I thought of it. I said I would. I told him I was going to see it because I had been threatened with an action. This was all the communication I had with the Lord Chamberlain or his office.

Mr. H. P. Stephens: I write for the press occasionally. I went to the St. James's on May 4 with the press admission which was sent to *Unity Fair*. I should say that the comedy was not a favourite one of Robertson's. The singing you could hardly call singing; that is, there were exceptions. I don't say that the exceptions were first-rate.

How about the orchestra?—The night I was there there seemed to be continual differences between the conductor and the members of the orchestra. As a whole, I thought it the worst thing in opera-bouffe that I had ever seen. The dance I thought the most indecent that I had ever seen. All the gestures were objectionable, and one action was particularly indecent.

Cross-examined: I have contributed to the *Times* as a foreign correspondent. That was two years ago.

Mr. Justice Keating: How many of these young ladies were upon the stage at once?

Witness: I can't say, but perhaps forty or fifty. There were many more ladies than gentlemen. Some of the ladies were dressed as gentlemen.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine: The real number was about twenty-five. Mr. R. D'Oyley Carte: I am a musical and theatrical agent. I saw part of this performance at the St. James's Theatre. I thought *Vert-Vert* was not a good piece. There were one or two decent singers and one or two good actors. The others were chorus people, neither better nor worse than chorus singers generally. I think the singing was somewhat worse than the ordinary opera-bouffe singing.

M. Albert Raima: I was formerly a composer of music, and am now a stockbroker, but I still compose music. I saw *Vert-Vert*. I could not make out anything about the music. It was a "row," I think. (Laughter.) At one time half the band played on tune, and half another, and the poor conductor lost his head. (Laughter.) He put down his stick. He could not conduct more, nor could I either have done so. I saw very little of the Ripirelle. I went away. (A laugh.) I had had quite enough of the performance.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine: Of late you have been more acquainted with the music of the Stock Exchange. There is no "row" there?—Oh, sometimes. (A laugh.) It was the first night that I saw *Vert-Vert*.

Mr. Justice Keating: It is admitted that on the first night the orchestra was a failure.

The Hon. Lewis Wingfield: I am a newspaper writer. I thought the performance of *Vert-Vert* was bad, both in singing and acting. I did not see the dance.

Mr. Joseph Vaughan: I am in the Inland Revenue Office. I saw *Vert-Vert* on the fifth night. The band was pretty well up to the music it had to play. The singing and acting, with one or two exceptions, were very indifferent. The subject of the play I thought was stupidly absurd, and the plot I could not make out. Several of the singers were terribly out of time. There were twenty to twenty-five young women on the stage at once during the choruses. They were dressed moderately well, and the dance I considered was most disgusting, more so in the attitudes and gestures than in their dress.

Mr. E. C. Willoughby, barrister, gave similar testimony as to the performance, and added: I considered the dance most filthy and disgusting. It was encored; but I got up and left the house. I was in the stalls. They were almost all gentlemen who were there. It was not fit for a lady to see. There were not many people in the stalls. The house was not a full house.

This concluded the case for the defence.

Mr. Day in summing up his case pressed upon the jury that if, after the evidence which they had recently heard, they should find that the editor of *Unity Fair* was not justified in what he had done, that the article complained of went beyond the bounds of fair criticism, then no doubt a lesson taught by the jury would be thoroughly appreciated by all the newspapers, whose conductors would thenceforth be slow to comment freely upon the drama. It might possibly be right that the English press should be muzzled so far as public performances of the drama were concerned; but still also it was desirable that the jury should bear in mind what the possible effect of their verdict might be. The defendant by the most easy process, could have freed himself from this worrying litigation. He might have done as he was called upon to do—have published in his paper a line or two by way of apology. He preferred, however, to walk in the straightforward and honest course. He read the article which his critic had supplied, and when that article was complained of, he went himself to see the performance, so that he might form his own opinion upon it, and, having seen that what had been written was right, he undertook the honest though difficult and certainly expensive and troublesome course of supporting what he believed to be the truth before a jury of his countrymen. He trusted that the jury would have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that the plaintiff had put upon the public stage a dance which was altogether filthy and disgusting. This was the real substantial question to be tried; but as to the far minor questions whether the orchestra was a bad one and whether the singing was flat, there was also abundant evidence upon which the jury could say that the defendant was clearly entitled to their verdict. There was to follow him (Mr. Day) one of the ablest advocates at the English bar, and to what he had to say there could follow no reply. Much as he envied the abilities of his friend, he (Mr. Day) felt that he had but little to fear from them upon this occasion, because he had the fullest reliance upon the soundness of his case, and the most implicit confidence in the good sense of the jury, being assured that this good sense would protect the defendant, whilst, at the same time the verdict would defend the cause of public justice and vindicate the fair rights of public criticism.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine replied, and warned the jury not to be led off upon a false issue. The whole of the defence, which had occupied the Court for several hours, was placed upon the Ripirelle, whilst in the long article upon which the declaration was mainly founded there were only two lines which had any reference whatever to the dance, whilst all the rest of the article was made up of libellous statements about the piece, the actors, the singers, the players, and so on. Even as to the Ripirelle itself, it was clear that there was difference of opinion, because whilst one set of witnesses so strongly condemned it, others saw nothing to blame in it; and it was clear that, however the truth might be, this dance had circulated through London for several years without complaint from the Lord Chamberlain or anybody else, and therefore it was fair to suppose that the plaintiff had put it upon the stage innocently enough in the first instance. The jury might fairly adopt this view, even if they assumed, what probably they would assume after the Lord Chamberlain's evidence, that the dance was in itself indecent. There were many other things, as he said, in the libel to which this answer could not apply; and the jury were left in the dark as to the motives which had actuated the writer of the article; because, although challenged over and over again to produce the writer, the counsel for the defence had kept him carefully shrouded from the view of the jury, and shielded him from cross-examination. The learned serjeant having gone in detail through the various statements in the alleged libel of which he complained, said that his hope was that, having called the most material parts of this most cruel libel to their attention, and pointed out the malignity of it, they would not hesitate to pronounce their opinion upon the man who had, by its publication, attempted virtually to destroy the plaintiff as a professional man.

Mr. Justice Keating summed up, and directed the jury that the first question for them to consider was, whether the statements complained of, supposing them to be unjustified, were or were not libellous in their nature. If they should think them not libellous in their nature, then the verdict must be for the defendant; if libellous, then the question would be whether the defendant had justified what had been published. The question of libel or no libel was one which the law said should be determined by the jury, but the judge was to define what a libel was. In point of law anything was a libel which tended to injure a man in the estimation of society in reference to his particular calling, and in the present case the libel was declared upon as referring to the plaintiff in his character of manager of a theatre. Although it was clearly for the jury to determine what was a libel, yet it had been held that the judge might also express his opinion, and, therefore, he might say that, in his opinion, supposing the statements which had been made not to be justified, then it appeared to him that the statements would be clearly libellous. The great question in the cause, however, was whether the statements made were justified or not. With reference to public performances of any kind, whether a literary, or a stage, or other performance, they were all the subject properly of fair criticism. The author of a book, and the manager of a theatre, equally invited public criticism, and even although the criticism applied might be extremely derogatory and harsh, yet if it was fair it would not be libellous. Much had been said about the stage, and there was no doubt that the stage might be made a most potent engine either for good or for evil. The piece in question seemed to have come originally from a French source, and some people might doubt whether English theatres had been bettered by being made the receptacle for the sweepings of the French stage, but that was a question which the jury were not now called upon to determine. They had really to decide whether the circumstances justified the publication which had taken place.

The jury at once found a verdict for the defendant.

There was an attempt to applaud this finding, as there had been similar attempts at other parts of the case, but it was suppressed.

The third Gaiety *matinée* takes place to-day, when *Giroflé-Girofla* will be represented for the third and last time here by the Philharmonic company.

## THE GERMAN TURNVEREIN.

At the risk of being styled a "fish out of water" even let your "Dolphin" say a word or two about the best gymnasium in London. It fairly deserves to be called the London University for physical education. Graduating there, you become possessed of that sound body without which perfect mental health is not to be enjoyed. Athletic exercise is pursued as a science at the Turnverein, or the German Gymnastic Society, 26, Pancras Road. Unlike some of your so-called athletes of the London Athletic Club, who devote their sole attention to running, as if celerity in giving "leg-bail" were the chief ambition of young Englishmen, the gymnasts of the Turnverein go in for a *thorough* muscular development of their limbs and bodies. Under the skilful direction of their Hercules of a chief, Herr Schweizer, the members are divided into classes, according to their strength and skill. Beginning with the simplest exercises, novices are led, stage by stage, to the most arduous feats in the range of gymnastics. Thus it is a member's own fault if he exerts himself beyond his strength, the admirable system of rational gymnastics adopted by Herr Schweizer taxing a gymnast's muscles not a bit beyond their well-proved capacity. By this mode of gradual and thorough development, members become agile, strong, and dexterous, in a surprisingly short time. They can climb a rope with the agility of a monkey, leap over the headless horse with the celerity of a deer, twirl round the horizontal bar with the skill of an acrobat, wield Indian clubs and dumb bells with the facility of the late Pro. Harrison, and march with the precision of the Guards. Some of their deft performances are most characteristically portrayed by your artist. To witness these skilful feats, the noble and spacious gymnasium is periodically thronged by the friends of members, the ladies being not the least interested eye-witnesses. As for the social life of the Turnverein, its club-room is one of the jolliest in town. Jovial Saturday night suppers, with patriotic songs "to follow," and occasional concerts and dances, make the Turnverein the most enjoyable place of recreation, taking it all round, in London. True, it was in the golden prime of Ravenstein's presidency when your "Dolphin" gained his pleasant experiences of the German Gymnastic Society. But, doubtless, the reign of the present President, Mr. J. L. Merfeld, is equally pleasant to the numerous members of the popular Anglo-American Turnverein near King's Cross.

DOLPHIN.

## AMERICAN DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

(From the *Acadian*.)

As 'Corry Kinchela,' Mr. Arnott somewhat disappointed us. He seemed to have conceived his part in an intelligent way, but to have erred in making it by far too coarse and brutal. As stage villains go, he was satisfactory, but nothing more. He might have used his opportunities to much better effect. Although Mr. Beckett considerably overdid the part of 'Harvey Duff,' he deserves the warmest praise for his acting in the last scene, in which, driven to madness by his fears of the atrocities which the mob at his heels will subject him to, he throws himself over the cliff, and is instantly dashed to pieces.—We have of late taken Miss Ada Dyas somewhat severely to task, let us now hasten to assure her that her playing as 'Claire Ffolliott' was so excellent as to be above everything but the most captious criticism. Her rendering of the impulsive but generous Irishwoman will make for her a green spot in the hearts of all whose good fortune it is to see her in the part.

(From the *Spirit of the Times*.)

*The Shaugraun*.—Mr. Montague as 'Captain Molineux' had a part which was as becoming to his talent as his uniform was to his person, and the qualities we have so often extolled were manifested in all their beauty. He was the *beau-ideal* of a susceptible, trusting, and graceful young officer. Miss Dyas as 'Claire' was deficient most in sympathy. Her personation was cold, and her temperament unsuited to the wayward girl she represented. But in her favour may be mentioned intelligence, grace, and honesty. Mr. Arnott as 'Kinchela' was generally good, but not so good as he should have been. No scheming Irishman—and Irishmen, remember, Mr. Arnott, are not ordinary men—would have talked of their plans in the same tone in which they threatened. Mr. Arnott is generally a correct actor. The one fault to his many personations is in the lack of light and shade. He pitches his voice in one key, and almost every sentiment is uttered in that key. This is a defect which he can easily overcome.

If Miss Neilson isn't a Siddons or Cushman in talent, she is a pretty lady who often does many kindly acts. During her recent engagement at Washington, D.C., she almost met with a serious accident. On the 11th, while driving in the grounds attached to the Soldiers' Home, her carriage collided with a buggy in which were a lady and gentleman. The latter vehicle was overturned and the lady thrown violently on the ground, fortunately, however, sustaining no severe injuries. Immediately on her return to the Arlington, where she was stopping, Miss Neilson addressed a note of regret and sympathy to the lady. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the note was published the following morning as a touching evidence of Miss Neilson's kindness of heart. Before leaving Washington she contributed \$200 to the fund of the Type-Setters' Association, for the purchase of a prize to be given in a tournament which is shortly to be held by them. In an interview which she had with a reporter of the *Republican*, she stated that she was now engaged in studying the rôles of 'Lady Macbeth' and 'Cleopatra.' We cannot applaud the lady's wisdom in selecting these rôles, but we admire her "spunk" in tackling them by way of diversion. But is it possible that she seriously contemplates a public personation of either of them?

A SPECIAL morning performance of *Old Sailors* and *Loo* will be given to-day at the Strand.

THE Turks have taken to writing opéra-bouffe, and a native comic opera has met with such success in Constantinople that a second work, *Mekteh-Oustassi*, "The Schoolmaster," is announced.

MR. BRITAIN WRIGHT having unfortunately met with a serious accident, by which his arm was fractured, was prevented from resuming his part of 'Putney Bill' in *The Prayer in the Storm*, on its revival at the Adelphi on Saturday evening. An excellent substitute was, however, found in Mr. Moreland, who sustained the character with considerable humour and spirit.

A PERFORMANCE in aid of the funds of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hampstead, under the special patronage of Sir Garnet Wolseley, will take place at the Holborn Theatre on Thursday evening next, December 17, when *London Assurance* will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Herbert, late of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, who will take the part of 'Dazzle,' and Miss Carlotta Addison that of 'Lady Gay Spanker.'

*Richard Cœur-de-Lion* will be performed for the last time at Drury Lane to-night, and the three first nights of next week will be devoted to benefits, Monday for that of Mr. James Anderson, who will essay for the first time the part of 'Falstaff' in Shakespeare's comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Mr. Creswick will appear as 'Hamlet' for the first time at this theatre, for his benefit on Tuesday; and on Wednesday *Romeo and Juliet* will be represented by special desire, for the benefit of Miss Wallis, who will appear as 'Juliet.'

## A LAY OF THE RANSTON BLOODHOUNDS.

DEDICATED TO LORD WOLVENTON.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THE leaf is dead, the woods are red,  
Autumn skies are soft and pale,  
Winds are through the copses straying,  
Ripples on the water playing.  
Hark! I hear the bloodhound baying,  
Down by the river in the vale!

Pacing o'er the slopes of Chetel,  
Ere the sun was high,  
Many a hunter, full of mettle,  
Trotted gaily by;  
Many a rider, free and gallant,  
Chafing to begin.  
All the talk, and all the talent,  
Met at Cashmoor Inn.  
Still and silent, not a hollow  
Telling where 'twas gone;  
Faster than the breeze could follow,  
Flew the red-deer on.  
Warily, of coming danger  
Noted every sign,  
Marking Friendly, Viceroy, Ranger  
Open on the line.  
For leaves are dead, and woods are reil,  
Autumn skies, &c.

How the chorus pealed and gathered  
To an organ's tone!  
How the horses steamed and lathered  
But to hold their own!  
Like a burst of angry weather  
In the tempest's frown,  
How the pack, at head together,  
Swept across the down!  
Not the lightest fence confined them;  
Racing fair and fast,  
Many a mile they left behind them,  
Ere the plain was past.  
Then into the vale defiling,  
Drew the lengthened Hunt;  
And the good ones, grimly smiling,  
Settled in the front.  
Leaves are dead, and woods are red, &c.

Field by field came grief and trouble,  
Thicker grew the plot;  
Stubborn rail and ugly double  
Weeded out the lot.  
Here the horse, and there his master!—  
Where they fell they lay—  
Faster ran the hounds and faster,  
Further seemed the prey;  
Till at last a check compelled them,  
In his face to look.  
Forward then his Lordship held them,  
Right across the brook;  
Rose again the joyous rally,  
Clamoured louder still,  
Woke the hamlet in the valley,  
Echoed round the hill!  
Leaves are dead, and woods are red, &c.

Pleasure that the most enchants us  
Seems the soonest done;  
What is life with all it grants us  
But a hunting run!  
Necks were stretched, and mouths were deadened,  
Wind began to fail;  
Sobbing sides and rowels reddened  
Told the usual tale.  
Long before the chase was finished—  
Ridden fairly through,  
How that gallant field diminished  
To a chosen few!  
Fain would I relate their glory,  
Name each favourite mount;  
But your bard who tells the story  
Wasn't there to count!  
Leaves are dead, and woods are red, &c.

Fill your glasses! All good fellows,  
Lovers of a burst;  
Sportsmen safe, or riders jealous,  
Bruising to be first.  
Never spare it! Let the donor  
Drain his cellars' wealth!  
Here's the pack! and here's the owner!  
Here's his Lordship's health!  
Surely now with each November,  
In the yearly rounds,  
Ranstons shall we all remember,  
And the deep-mouthed hounds,  
How they pressed, how none forsook it,  
Through that brilliant hour!  
How they ran their deer and took it  
By the flooded Stour!  
For leaves are dead, and woods are red, &c.

Baily's Monthly Magazine.

MISS PATTY OLIVER, too long missed by London playgoers, it is reported, will shortly return to the stage.

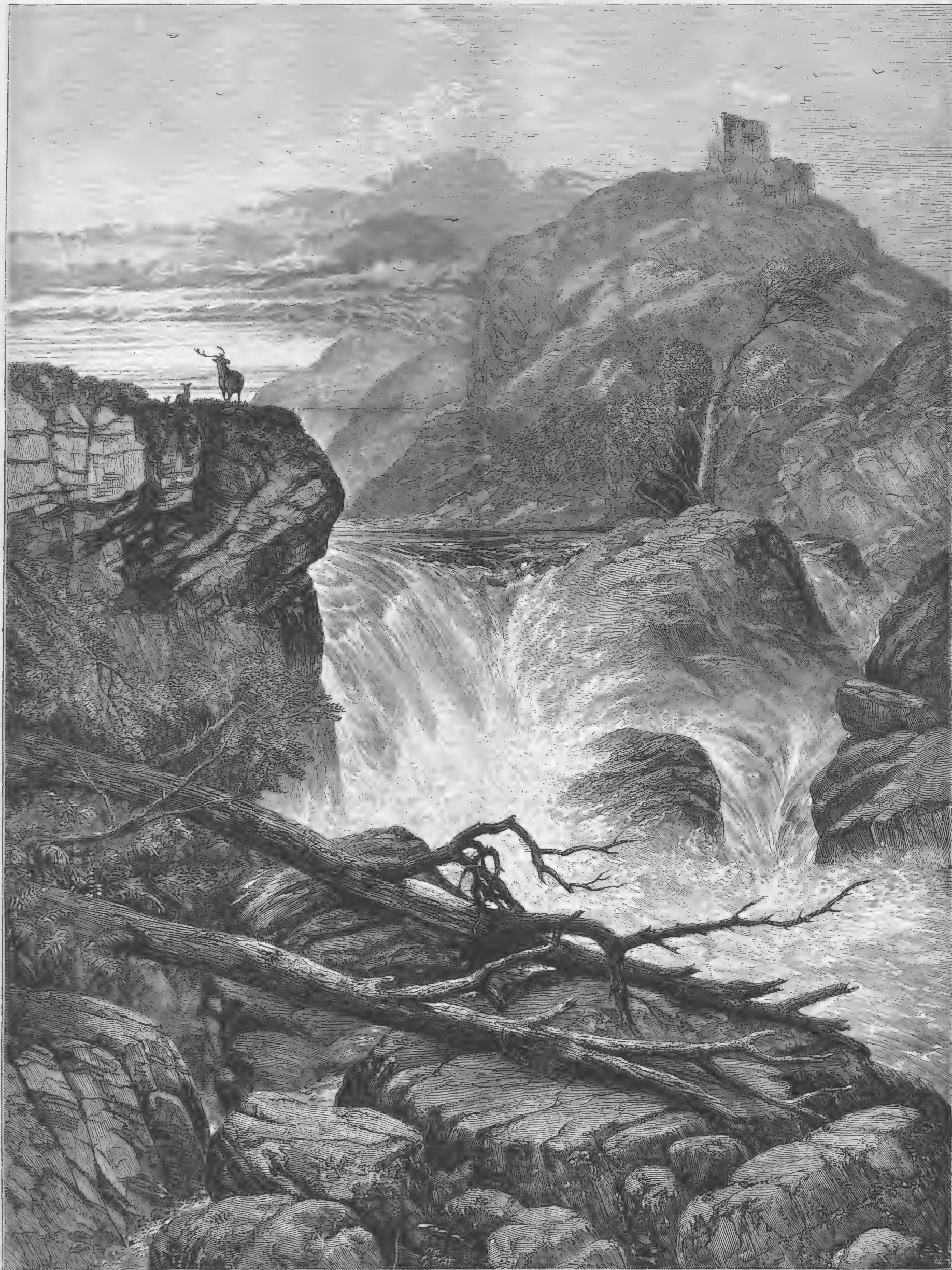
THE last nine nights of *Blue Beard*, at the Charing Cross Theatre, are announced, as Miss Lydia Thompson and her troupe remove to the Globe, where they will make their first appearance on Christmas Eve in a grand Christmas production.

THE last performance of *Ship Ahoy!* and *Glove*, at the Surrey, takes place to-night, when the theatre closes for the extensive preparations for the grand Christmas pantomime, *The Forty Thieves* and *the Court Barber*, which is to be produced on a scale of unprecedented splendour, and in which the celebrated Payne family will make their first appearance here.

THE last representation, for the present, of *Newmarket*, at the Holborn, also takes place to-night, but will be revived on Monday, February 8. The theatre closes after to-night until Saturday (Boxing Night), when Mr. Guiver will produce a pantomime, entitled *Sinbad the Sailor*, or *Harlequin the Old Man of the Sea* and the *Lilliputians of the Island of Opéra-Bouffe*.

MR. CHATTERSON, the young tenor, has been unable through a severe attack of cold and bronchitis to appear in *The Black Prince* at the St. James's Theatre for some nights; his part of 'Vivian Gale, R.N.,' being undertaken by Miss Emily Duncan, who acts it very prettily, but omits the music, greatly to the detriment of the few ensembles between Vivian and old Cob's daughters Sybil and Flossie.





"A MOUNTAIN TORRENT."

(From a Painting by T. CRESWICK.)



## WILD-BOAR SHOOTING IN THE KING OF ITALY'S PRESERVES.

I ONLY came back from the Maremma on the 24th ult. Such a jolly sporting country. Imagine one great forest of brushwood, with few timber trees—brush composed of thorn, arbutus, holly, heather, oak, &c., on stony hills, dry and sunny, with jolly little corries and no end of acorns. Then imagine yourself in a mediæval castle, half ruin, half farmhouse, on the top of a hill, brick floors, not a chimney that draws, not a door that will shut, not a window with a whole suite of glass. Werry good wittles, werry good wine, werry good fellows, in all sorts of queer but useful costumes; good guns, good horses, good dogs of the cur variety. Then imagine yourself warm in bed and asleep; a horn blows sundry dreary blasts in a corridor. What's the matter? Where am I? Too-too-too goes the horn. Man comes in with a lamp and hot water. "Four o'clock, 4 o'clock, Sir; everybody up." You get up too, for the horn keeps on too-tooting till everybody appears. Hot coffee and toast, and then boot and saddle. The stars shine clear, and the air is frosty, but light and agreeable. You light the pipe of friendship, mount your nag, which carries a mediæval saddle and bridle, and descend a mediæval road into a forest of oak, *Ilex arbutus*, &c. Grand woodcock ground, roe ground, deer ground, partridge and snipe ground. You pass a lake covered with teal and duck; you begin to climb a hill—good hard turf; you arrive at the top. Here, says your host, are buried hundreds of Romans and Etruscans; you see no tombs, they are covered with turf.

The head-forester orders silence, gives his orders; you get off your nag, and are conducted by head-man to your station. "The boar will pass here, Sir; you can shoot in this direction, that direction, and the other direction. But if you shoot here or there, you will kill Mr. So-and-So. You had better not move more than 10 yards any way, or you may get a few bullets into your legs." With this paternal advice he leaves you.

You examine your post. You are on the edge of a corrie gradually sloping inwards, filled with a thick undergrowth of brush, which prevents your seeing more than 20 yards any way before you. The others guns are posted round it, and the beaters and dogs are sent down to the bottom of the corrie to force the game up the hill into the mouths of the guns. It is, in fact, a regular drive of a corrie or of a wood, organised on a very considerable scale. For instance, in one drive we were 110 guns, and about as many beaters.

The whole country being in the hands of the great proprietors, they live in a sort of semi-feudal state—great familiarity between the proprietors and the farmers, but great respect and very good feeling amongst them. First the dogs, which are all led, are slipped on a signal by the head-forester, and then commences such a yelping as I never heard before. You hear a tremendous rushing to and fro. You see nothing yet; the boar are beginning to move, but don't like to go; they scrimmage with the dogs, but the dogs are overpowering for noise, and the boars get bored, and begin to scuttle about; then the dogs single out the heaviest and torment them. The dogs, being curs, don't attack; they would be all cut to smithereens if they did, so they run in and get a bite if they can, and then cut off like winking. The boar, utterly bullied, rushes at one, then at another; can't pitch into them, and finally bolts down wind (i. e. up hill).

Up he comes. You hear a steady crushing of branches, and a great brute with tusks as long as your head suddenly stops, with little red eyes, to take a deliberate stare at you, and then, dissatisfied with your personal appearance, *is gone*.

You don't even see him go. He was there as big as a calf. He is gone! How the devil did that happen? "You must look sharper," says your gillie in a whisper, "or you'll kill nothing but a dog, perhaps."

Suddenly there is a greater rush than the first—a sort of vision of dogs and pigs rushes over your twenty yards of open brush. Bang, bang, bang, go sundry guns; bow-wow-wow go the dogs. "You must look sharper," says the gillie, who frowns severely when you commence to twiddle your pipe.

You wait with the patience of Job—an hour. You begin to damn the race of hog, when the beaters advance on a given signal, in line; then the old cunning boar, who have doubled back, are once more turned up hill; the dogs, who have gone off after wounded or killed boar, come back to the beaters and begin chorus again.

You cock your gun. The gillie looks unutterable things—points with agonised gesticulations in one direction. You see nothing. You hear an awful hubbub everywhere. But the gillie has this time got St. Vitus' dance. He is more awful than before—but you follow his eye, and you see as before a great dark brown object come stealthily up a track, and as cunning as a fox taking a survey of the way out.

Grown wiser by experience of past failures, you stand like Lot's wife—a pillar of expecting hope. He takes his little fiery eye off you for a moment.

Alas! poor piggie! Two bullets have passed just between your fore shoulder and your fat carcase, and, passing through your heart, have raked you fore and aft, for you would look at me, and you give a great bound off your four trotters, and a rush down hill, but we hear a satisfactory turn-over all of a heap, and the

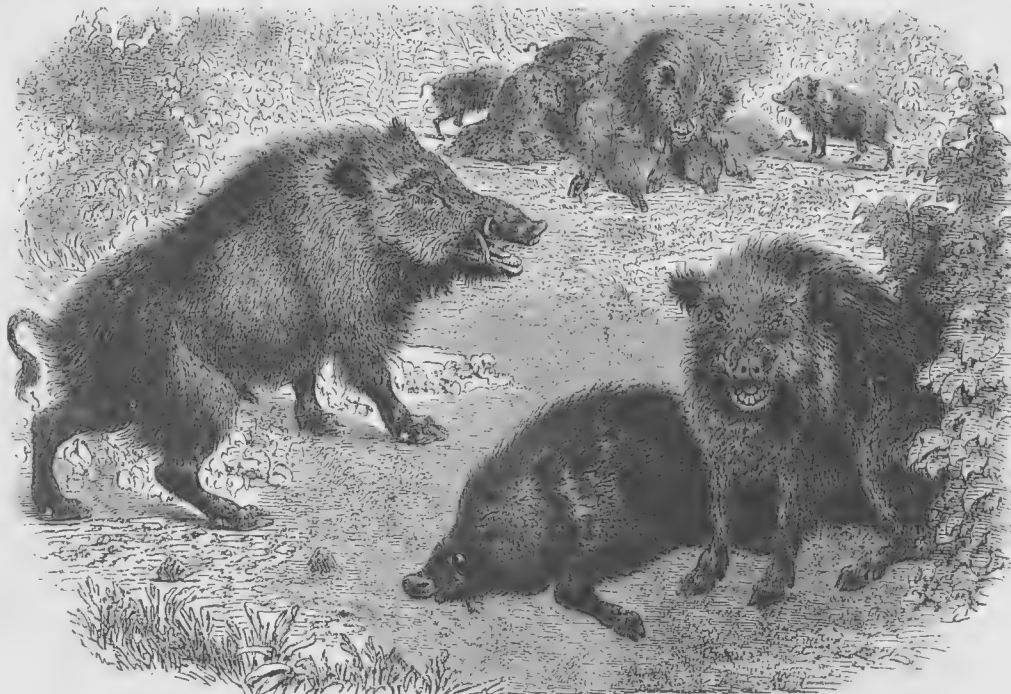
gillie, who has stretched out his neck till he appears half strangled by the exertion, when he hears the final fall, becomes radiant with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," and is enjoying in prospective the titbits which fall to his share.

You wish to see your first pig and move forward. Your faithful Achates rushes at you.

"Do you want a half-dozen bullets in your carcase?" says he, and just at that moment, ping, ping, go the leaden messengers of death within 20 feet of you, for there are fifteen pigs all of a lump making a desperate charge through the line of fire, and everybody seems to think himself near enough to shoot into the herd.

The horn blows, the dogs cease barking and the drivers shout simultaneously, and the place of the horn is the rendezvous for breakfast.

Blessed signal! it is now 11 o'clock. We were up at 4 a.m.



THE BOAR AND HIS SERAGLIO.

Seven hours in the clear crisp air have given us the appetite of a North American Indian. You arrive at the horn. You find scores of men in the Maremma dress—half goatskin, all hair; fine, tall, curly varieties of the human race. Courteous, silent, and waiting till the Seigneur arrives. They call him by his Christian name, but they all uncover when he appears. They have arranged skin cloaks like a great carpet for the great man and his friends, with a pile of good things in the centre. The great man gives a general salute, and, with an appetite that would make a London alderman envious for the rest of his days, you fling yourself full length on a skin cloak, and, lugging out your Sheffield whittle, you throw yourself into the wittles with an uncommon good will.

After you have eat, drunk, eat and drunk again, you turn round with intense satisfaction, pipe in hand, and benignly ask, "How many boar?"



A SOUNDER OF HOG.

Answer.—"Only fourteen, Excellency."

"Ah, well! that'll do before breakfast," say we, as though we had done nothing else all our lives, and we then with ill-concealed anxiety ask to see our particular pig. Here he is, and a very pretty specimen. Four-year-old—weight, says the head-forester, about 300 lbs., something like 22 stone. Not so bad, only I shouldn't like to carry him home.

DEATH OF COLONEL WESTENRA.—The death of this veteran gentleman and sportsman took place on Saturday morning at Sharavogue House, Roscrea, after a short illness. The deceased gentleman represented the King's County for fifteen years, was Master of the Ormond and King's County Hunt for a lengthened period, and was eminently popular in the county, where he has resided for seventy years. His son-in-law, Lord Hastings, succeeds to his property.

AN ENGAGEMENT WITH AMERICAN INDIANS.—The *New York Times* of the 17th ult. publishes the following despatch from McClellan's Creek, Texas, dated November 9:—"To-day, near this spot, Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin, of the 5th United States Infantry, chief of scouts, commanding a detachment composed of Company D of the 6th Cavalry, Lieutenant S. Overton, and Company D of the 5th Infantry, Lieutenant H. K. Bailey, while on a scout, had a brilliant engagement with about 200 of the Cheyenne Indians, with whom Captain H. Farnsworth, of the 6th United States Cavalry, had a fight on the 6th inst. They were fought to-day, stubbornly and bravely, from half past 8 a.m. to half past 1 p.m., with 98 men and a howitzer. After charging their camps, under a galling fire, he captured their whole outfit, driving the Indians eight miles from the last position of those successively taken by them on the hilltops. Hard and well-won prizes, left as trophies of victory, were recovered in the persons of two little

starved young girls, aged five and seven years, named Germon, whose father, mother, eldest sister, and brother were recently massacred in Kansas, while going to Colorado as settlers. Two remaining sisters, aged 13 and 15 years, are yet held by the Indians. Two desperate charges were made by the Indians to regain them. They were repulsed, and handsomely charged back by Lieutenant Overton's company. The Federal troops got close enough to use pistols advantageously. The horses were so much used up after this that the men had to fight afoot. About 80 or 100 trophies were captured and much property destroyed. The camp numbered from 400 to 500, counting women and children. The pursuit lasted for 20 miles, and was not abandoned until 4 o'clock p.m., when it became useless and impossible to continue it longer. The horses were worn out, having no forage for four days, and having marched 500 miles the present week. No losses were sustained by our side. Four Indians are known to have been killed. How many more is not ascertained, but at least 20 must have been slain. The bloody state of the field indicates that the Indians dragged off a number of their wounded comrades."

A DOG DYING OF GRIEF.—The last issue of the *Forest and Stream* contains the following touching story of a dog's love for its master:—"About two weeks ago a man named Parcels, a blacksmith, residing near Dobb's Ferry, went hunting 'coons'

at night. His companions consisted of a neighbour, residing close by, and a faithful dog, apparently a cross between the setter and foxhound. While searching for game at Sneed's Landing, on the Hudson River, Parcels approached the brink of the palisades, and by some mishap lost his balance and fell down a distance of 30 feet. His friend, having missed him, sought him, and by diligent search found him lying where he had fallen, and his faithful dog by his side moaning piteously. On attempting to approach the body, the usually friendly animal strongly protested by growls and threatening attitudes, and even jumped forward whenever the effort at drawing nigh was essayed. The man, seeing that his companion was seriously injured, went for aid, and in a short time returned with a surgeon and some friends, but the dog, which lay with its head across the body, refused to let them touch the treasure it so faithfully guarded. They were at length compelled to club him most unmercifully to drive him

away from his post. An examination proved that life was extinct, so the remains were placed in a boat and a piece of canvas thrown over them. The dog, half dead from the beating, on seeing the disposal made, jumped into the boat also, and, seeking shelter under the cover, placed his head across his master's face, and remained there until a landing was effected. The body was then placed in a waggon and conveyed home; but no sooner had it been covered than the loving friend again sought his old post. After the burial the dog became much depressed, refused its food, and wandered listlessly about, moaning in a low, nervous tone, and heedless of everything. He would pay no attention to any of the inmates of the house; and all their efforts could not cause him to manifest any signs of recognition. After dragging along for a week, apparently without food or water, and suffering from a severe nervous prostration, he finally died—a martyr to his own love."

A GAMEKEEPER SHOT.—A lamentable occurrence, which was made the subject of an inquest held by Mr. Delasaux on Monday evening, has taken place at Elbridge House, near Canterbury, the seat of Mr. Denne. On Thursday week it appears that Mr. Herbert Denne, in company with four

other gentlemen, was shooting in Trenley Park Wood, and the deceased keeper, George Smith, was engaged with other men in beating the covert. A pheasant rose close to the keeper, and Mr. Herbert Denne turned round intending to shoot at it should it come in his direction. His gun, by some means unknown, went off before he brought it to his shoulder, and the shot was lodged in the keeper's right fore-arm and hip. Smith, assisted by Mr. Denne and one of the beaters, managed to walk home, whence, by medical advice, he was subsequently removed to the Kent and Canterbury Hospital. The medical evidence went to show that the injuries received were not of themselves sufficient to cause death, but that the man died from syncope arising from mental excitement or the fear of the accident terminating mortally. The jury, after hearing the voluntary statement of Mr. Herbert Denne, returned a verdict of accidentally shot.

CARDIGAN has left Mr. A. Yates's stable, and departed for France last week with Baron Finot's horses.



## CANOEING.

Of all British sports and pastimes, none has made more rapid progress than has canoeing, from the rude outline of its birth to the comparative maturity of its present phase.

The Canoe Club—created by a small band of enthusiastic lovers of wild life on the water, who had adopted the canoe as their *batteau de voyage*—commenced its career in 1866; rapidly increasing in numbers, it soon took a prominent position among aquatic clubs, and drew to its flag many of the best of our yachting and rowing hands.

Each season did its members spread over the four corners of the globe in pursuit of canoeing adventure and travel, till scarcely a river, lake, or sea remains that has not borne the Canoe Club burgee on its glittering bosom.

Regattas were held, and racing soon became a recognised department of canoeing; the races, at first mere tub shovelling, gradually grew into a series of well contested and exciting matches; the programme swelling year by year from a "paddling race" and "canoe chase" to three distinct classes of paddling, three classes of sailing races, and the "canoe chase" and "upset race." Under the influence of these races the form and built of the canoe was more closely attended to, and though many went off at tangents to obtain special qualities for certain races, these divergencies have been the means of improving canoes generally—owing to the mass of valuable data collected by these experiments.

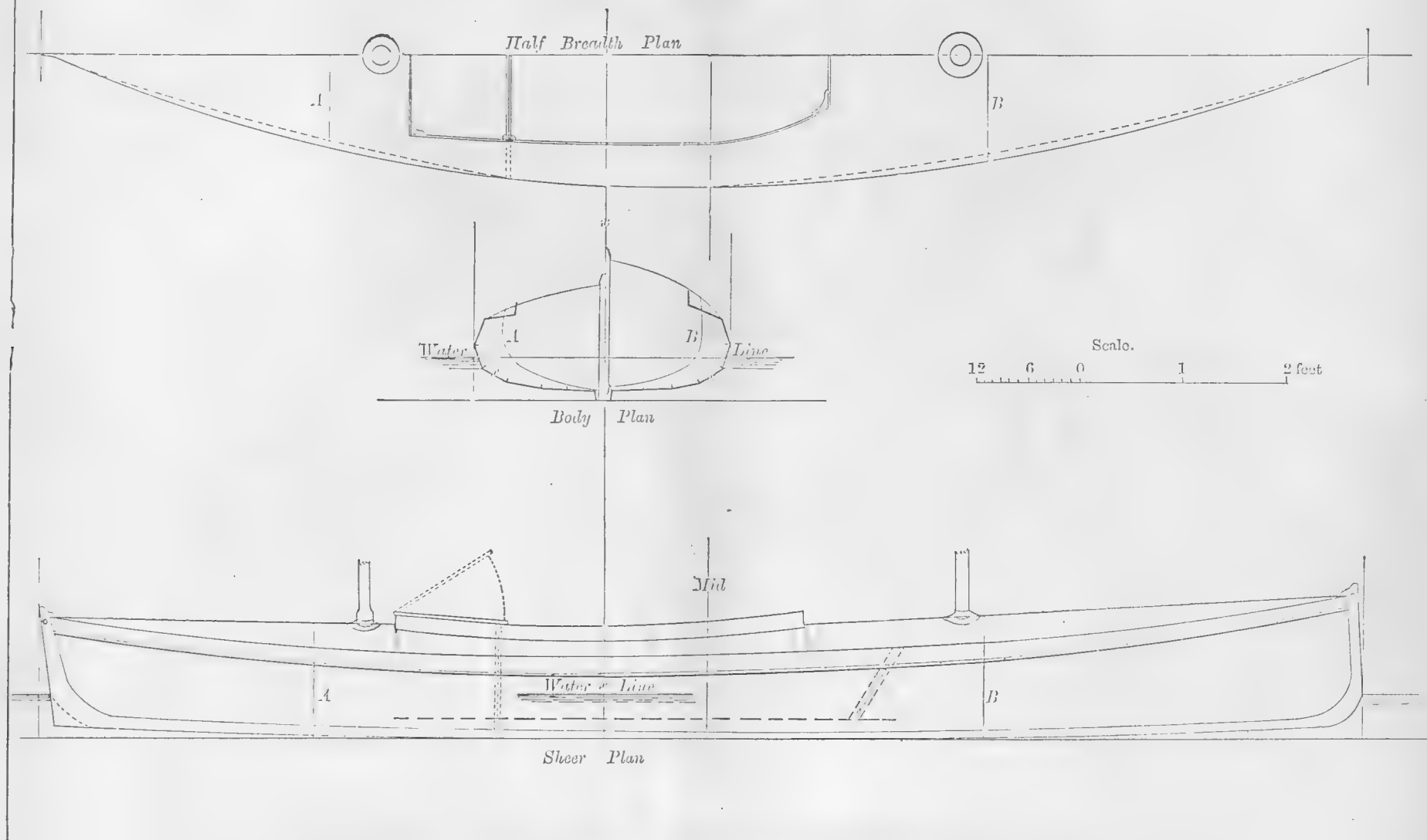
The club, with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as commodore, and some 350 members on its books, in 1873 had the honour of receiving from her Majesty the title of "Royal Canoe Club."

The branches of the club are the Northern, the Eastern, and the Cambridge University. That the club, as a cruising body, has not been idle may be gleaned by glancing at the club publication, *The Canoeist*, where we find the index of cruises performed by members of the club and its branches occupying 14 pages.

Cruising forms the most attractive department of canoeing, and as the majority of canoeists do not care or cannot afford to keep separate canoes for home river work, foreign travel, and sea cruising, a good style of *general* canoe is greatly in demand.

With a view of assisting those of our readers who intend "building," and in compliance with the request of several canoeists, we publish the accompanying design with hints for building and fitting a *general* canoe, furnished to us by our correspondent "Nautilus."

Travelling Canoe  
"NAUTILUS" No. 6.



Most practical canoe cruisers are agreed that for travelling purposes it is best to form two classes of canoes, "the general" or inland travelling canoe, and the "sea-going" or "sailing" canoe, for cruising on open and navigable waters.

The general canoe must to a certain extent possess sea-going qualities, so as to be able—with a reasonable amount of safety—to cross large open lakes or coast along sheltered portions of sea; so likewise the sailing canoe should retain in moderate amount many "travelling" qualifications.

Many canoeists have been led astray by the supposition that Nos. 4 and 5 *Nautilus* canoes were built as cruisers, and have accordingly, on building similar models, found fault with the weight, draught of water, size of rig, amount of lead ballast, &c. &c. The fault, however, lies in the men themselves not ascertaining the fact that these canoes were built solely as sailing racers, their complete success in that department proving their proportions right for the work intended. However, it is generally admitted that to design a canoe which shall be first-rate in all the various branches of canoe-travelling, looks, as yet, very like an impossible task; and therefore we must for the present remain content with the two classes—a good general canoe and a sea or sailing cruiser. All very well—but we do not know of any canoe afloat which could pass examination as a good general travelling canoe! And why is it such a rare bird? The reason is simply this—that it takes years of hard won experience, thought, invention, and experiment, to gain the requisite details; and then, having obtained them, the constructor must be *au fait* at putting them together in the right quantity and place. But, as one of the best ways of improving canoes and finally obtaining perfection is by dissemination of ideas, the writer has much pleasure in laying before his brother canoeist the following design of a canoe for general travelling.

*Nautilus* No. 6 has been carefully compiled with a view of obtaining a light, handy, portable craft, of good speed either under sail or paddle, natural stability, and of great spare buoyancy (which being above water need only come into play in rough water).

The most important elements in her construction may be glanced at before going to her actual dimensions. The hull must be as light as it is possible to build, having, however, due regard to the strength necessary where rough usage is expected. The floor must be long and flat, the body carried well fore and aft, even at the expense of fine lines, and the bow water-lines must not show any "hollow;" enough sheer must be given for sea

work, but not too much, or she will be clumsy at paddling in windy weather.

Handiness will be gained by having the craft as small as possible (making due allowance for weight and size of man and stores), also by rockering her keel and floor at both ends, and by having no more beams than is actually necessary for stability.

She must sail well with a reaching or running wind, but without any sailing contrivances which would deteriorate her paddling or portable qualities.

If the canoe is intended for much open-water cruising, or for sleeping in (instead of taking a tent), the builder should add 2 inches to all the heights taken from the drawing.

Bearing these general ideas in mind, we proceed to the dimensions of the design. The drawing is, to the scale of 1 inch to 1 foot; the length over all is 13 feet, and the greatest beam, 2 feet 6 inches, is placed 1 foot aft of the mid-length, and is marked X; the load draught of water will be about 5 inches.

All the heights and depths are to be measured on the *sheer plan* from the level base-line (which must be carefully tested when building, lest undulations in the builder's base-line throw the whole work out of shape).

The *body plan* shows the form of X, A and B sections—which for a clincher-built boat will be found enough, as the plank must, to a certain extent, be allowed to take its own line; B section is 3 feet 9 inches from the forward perpendicular, and A is 2 feet 9 inches from aft.

The *half-breadth plan* gives the half-widths at the deck-line and load water (dotted) line, also the form of the well and locker.

*Built.*—Her keel should be of red pine, stem and stern posts of mahogany; depth of keel below rabbet line, 1 inch; siding of keel at rabbet, 1½ inch. Planking for usual cruising work should be of cedar, but, if rough rocky river work is anticipated, have three bottom strakes of oak, and the rest cedar, with top strake in either case of mahogany, and the timbers of bent American elm or moulded oak.

The top strake, as will be seen in the *body plan*, "tipples home;" the next strake, by being perpendicular, or nearly so, gets the beam at the waterline.

The deck, except the side-deck around the well, should be of cedar, strengthened by pine carlines and beams underneath, and may be screwed on in four quarter pieces, so that any one of them can be removed to repair a damage from the inside; the side-decks round the well should be of stout cedar or mahogany.

Before the deck is fitted, the "linber" holes should be looked

to, to ensure a clear passage for leakage from both ends toward the middle, where it can easily be sponged out.

A bulkhead should be fitted into the canoe to divide the well from the locker, and should be fitted with a slide, that is to say, it should be built in as a complete bulkhead, and then have a square doorway sawn out and re-fitted as a lifting slide door, so as to allow of length for sleeping room, or, when the locker lid is open and slide removed, two men can with ease man the canoe.

If this bulkhead and the slide are neatly fitted, they form a completely watertight division in the canoe, a most important item in the event of a "swamp."

The stern-post in the design is given for a rudder, which is an article not to be despised on a long cruise; but should river work only be contemplated, the post had better be rounded off as dotted; even then a rudder can be used, but should be detached on approaching "rapid" work. The rocker given to the keel and floor is a most important element of handiness for sudden turning, and is so placed that the deepest draft is in the after third of the canoe, thus preventing her turning broadside to the stream, and filling on going aground, as would be the case if she grounded amidships or forward first.

The well, or hatchway, has been planned with straight ends, in order that cedar may be used in its construction, instead of the heavier wood, oak (required for rounded wells); also the hatch, or apron, can thus be more neatly fitted.

A light galvanised iron band should be screwed along keel-stern and stern-posts in one piece, to take the hard wear of stones and bumps.

Having thus far sketched the idea of the form and building of the canoe itself, we come to that most troublesome department, the equipment.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT BUSH.—This well-known Surrey cricketer still lies dangerously ill, suffering from consumption, at his residence, 19, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

SPORTING MATCH.—The Howth Road, at about 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, presented an animated appearance. A vast crowd had collected to witness the decision of a bet of £40 between two large Turf speculators, that a young man, well known as the "secretary" of another large commission agent, would not walk five miles in one hour. The distance was accomplished in 57½ min.—*Freeman's Journal*.

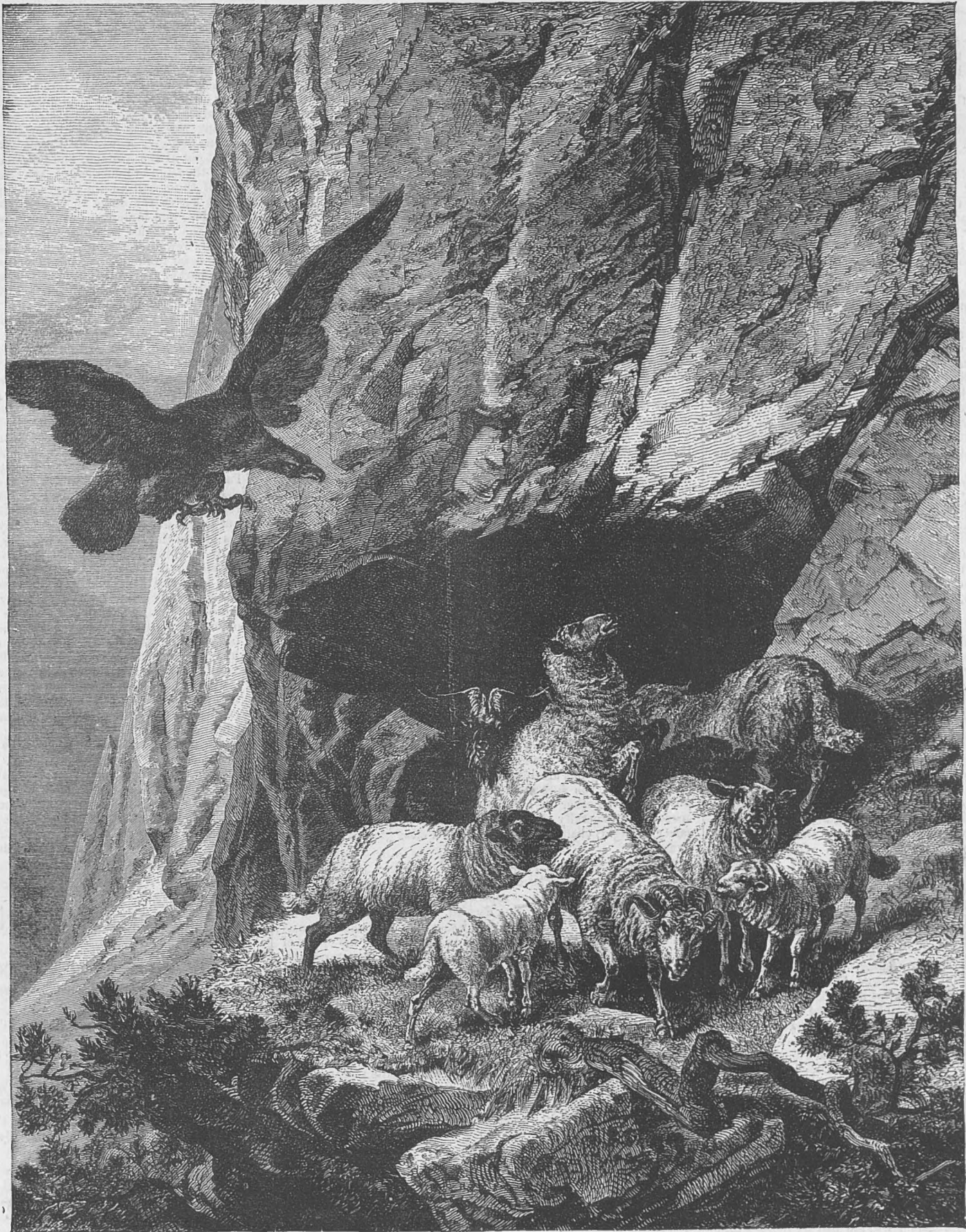


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SHEEP ATTACKED BY EAGLES.

maiden her 'lover,' and there is no interference except in extreme cases. Father and mother look on, and tell each other they did the same themselves. It is therefore not at all surprising that girls are allowed to go to the dancing-rooms alone, and that a free and easy tone prevails there which is seldom wanting in fun."

Even from the earliest times love of poaching has characterised the Highlanders of Bavaria. The bracing air and the athletic exercises they needs must take give them a bold and fearless bearing, and develop that chivalrous character that is so charming to strangers. The love of poaching springs from the very same causes; for hunting seems made to satisfy the innate yearning for adventure and roaming. It gives an object to otherwise aimless wanderings, it supplies an element of difficulty and danger. The hunter, with a rifle over his shoulder, feels a just pride; he is no longer a mere peasant, a boor—he is a free man. Our authors give some thrilling incidents of *rencontres* between poachers and foresters, and one chapter is devoted to the game and wild animals found in the royal domain of the Berchtesgaden, which is said to contain over 4000 head of chamois alone.

We rose from the perusal of this beautiful work deeply impressed with the vivid life-like engravings that illustrate as far as possible the country and its inhabitants, and we can confidently say that no reader can derive more trustworthy or valuable information about the Tyrol from any other source.

*Baily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.* (A. H. Baily & Co., Cornhill.)—This widely circulated serial has nearly completed the fourteenth year of its existence, it having made its first appearance in 1860; and it is not too much to say that each successive year of its publication has added to its high reputation, for, as a rule, it is interesting and readable from the first page to the last. The number for December opens with a well executed portrait of R. C. Vyner, Esq., the chief owner and manager of the Hambleton confederacy, who is a very good judge of racing, and shines in all those sports in which Englishmen excel. Then comes a "Lay of

the Ranston Bloodhounds," by G. J. Whyte-Melville, which we quote in its entirety in another page. "Country Quarters" gives an admirable description of the Essex Union and Lord Petre's hounds, and is succeeded by one of "Amphion's" staves, "A Lay of the British Yeoman," from which we shall quote a few stanzas:—

"On Bury Hill no trainer  
His string to-day is leading,  
For holiday this afternoon  
Each stable lad is pleading;  
Newmarket town is silent,  
Untenanted her 'High,'  
Beneath the mellow sunlight  
Of pale October sky.  
And each Newmarket loafer  
Has hied him to the Heath,  
For Charlie is their darling,  
Their darling unto death;  
And far as Ely's Island  
You might have heard the roar:  
'Prince Charlie in a canter,  
I'll take you six to four.'  
He was stale, and past his prime,  
And had lost his speed, they said;  
And the Frenchman stood his monkey,  
And the Ring cried, 'Who's afraid?'  
Roaring Ring and raving Gaul  
Alike have lost their prey;  
For to-day 'Perhaps' is beaten—  
Prince Charlie wins to-day.  
The yellowing Bushes knew him,  
With Parry sitting still,  
As, playing with *Peut-être*,  
He rollicked down the hill:

The crowd went forth to meet him,  
And cheered him back to scale,  
And struggled for each chestnut hair  
Fresh ravished from his tail.

"Years may come, and years may go,  
Yet see us grander fray;  
For to-day 'Perhaps' is beaten—  
Prince Charlie wins to-day!"

Then follows one of the most amusing articles in the number, "Behind the Floats," written by a master in "ye gentle arte," as well as in word-painting, which is all so good that it should be read from end to end, and not quoted piece-meal. "The Cricket Averages of the Great Schools for 1874" comes next, and the number winds up with "Our Van," which is as entertaining as ever, and from which we quote the following anecdote:—

"A newly married couple of distinction travelled through Ireland with Pat, a valet, who was somewhat peculiar in his remarks. When the bride and bridegroom left an hotel, lots of vulgar observers thronged the carriage. Pat was, in consequence, called to task, and interrogated as to whether he had told the people in the place that his master and mistress were recently wed. 'Faith! yer honner, nothink o' the sort. They axed me, and I tould 'em as yer honner and my lady wasn't going to be married for a fortnight.'"

*As You Like It.* By Lyulph. (Ward, Lock, Tyler, & Co.)—This story is well worthy of the reputation "Lyulph" has already gained by his previous productions of "Snow," "Something like a Nugget," and others. The gipsy girl Nantie is an excellently drawn character, as also is that of General Oak, but we were rather disappointed at not seeing during the progress of the tale more of Lucy Spencer, who at one time looked like turning out the heroine. The descriptions of the Dutch characters are admirably depicted, being thoroughly natural and true.



## Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Wednesday, December 19.

ALL the racing *réunions* of interest came to a close on Monday week, when the final La Marche steeple-chase meeting was held. The gathering, which had been projected for last Sunday at Le Vésinet was eventually abandoned on account of the small number of entries and the especially bad weather, which was such as the most determined amateur of steeple-chasing would scarcely have dared to affront. A final *réunion* is announced for the 13th, at Auteuil, with four races—the Prix de l'Espérance, the Prix des Bastions, the Prix de Vincennes, and the Prix de Clôture; but it will be utterly destitute of interest, and I should not wonder at its being countermanded at the eleventh hour. The Pau meeting, which comprises three races, the Hunters' Stakes, the Course des Haras, and the steeple-chase, will be held on Wednesday, December 23; and as the weather will probably be more propitious in the sunny South, it will be at least a pleasant gathering, if not one of any especial importance. The Nice races begin on January 20.

Letters from the provinces announce that wolves are extremely abundant this year—notably in the Moselle, the Meurthe, and the Vosges. Lately at Morlange, on the confines of the territory annexed by Germany, four wolves set upon a Neufchâtel shepherd's flock of sheep, killed his dog, and dragged off four ewes before assistance could be procured. *Battues* have been organised on various points of the district, but as yet they have not been attended with any very satisfactory result. The sporting journals announce that a wolf of legendary size and ferocity has taken up his residence in the environs of Paris—the woods of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, furnishing him with a convenient hiding-place; but I am very much afraid that he is after all only a vulgar journalistic duckling.

The Chantilly staghound *équipage* has been having of late some very interesting and animated runs. On Thursday, the 3rd, the meet was held at Baraque de Blanchamp, when a *quatrième tête* was started, and pursued in the direction of the Lys marshes. Passing through these, he re-entered the forest by the Chaussée du Roi, and made for the Poteau du Lièvre, where the scent was lost for about half an hour. Eventually, however, he was discovered to have made for the Parc du Rayon, where he was pursued, the woods of Moulin, Brandin, and Le Brûlis, being passed through in rapid succession. At the Poteau Nibert a false scent was raised, and two other *quatrième têtes* fell into the power of the dogs. A few hounds had followed, however, in the original tract, and eventually the pursued stag, having swum across the Morlaye river, was brought to bay at the Côtes d'Orléans. The run had lasted four hours and a quarter.

Like their Chantilly colleagues the Fontainebleau-Rallye-Sivry huntsmen have been out frequently of late, Vicomte Agnado usually presiding at the meet. The Marquis de l'Aigle's boarhounds have had capital runs in the forests of Compiègne, Ourscamps, and Laigue—the last one having had rather a tragical result, the boar, a three-year-old, killing four hounds before Comte Robert de l'Aigle succeeded in bringing him down with his carbine. The Prince de Joinville's boarhounds have arrived, I may mention, at Chantilly, coming from Arc-en-Barrois. The Chantilly forest is far from plentiful in boars, and I fancy that the sport will be of a very indifferent character. On Sunday last there was a grand *chasse à tir* at the Parc d'Apremont, Chantilly; the Duc d'Aumale presiding. The Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Montpensier and Chartres, and the Comte de Paris, were present, together with the following *invités*:—Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, Duc d'Andiffret-Pasquier, Comtes d'Haussonville, Vigier, de Ségur, and Malherbe, and MM. Trubert and Savary. The result of the day's sport was as follows:—156 pheasants, 63 rabbits, 50 hares, 4 roes, and one snipe. On the Wednesday previous there was a grand hare *battue* at Ferrières (M. de Rothschild's estate), when a dozen guns made between them 256 victims in the course of the day. According to some recently issued government statistics *à propos* of the number of *permis de chasse* taken out this year, it would appear that the South of France is the region counting the largest number of disciples of St. Hubert. The *chasseurs* of the Hérault pay to the State £6800 per annum; those of the Bouches-du-Rhône, £6101; those of the Var, £5530; while the Gironde, to have the right of destroying "les petits oiseaux," contributes rather more than £6540. One northern department alone, the Seine-et-Oise, has larger figures to show than the southern ones. The *permis de chasse* produced here this season £7516. The regions where game is most abundant give the following figures:—The Seine-et-Marne, £4304; the Eure, £5240; the Oise, £4572; the Eure-et-Loir, £3660; the Seine-inférieure, £4840; Calvados, £4720. Corsica is the least productive region, the fiscal receipts for shooting and hunting permits only amounting to £222. There are also six departments where the receipts are under £800 per annum: the Lozère, the Hautes-Alpes, Cantal, Corrèze, Haute-Loire, and Ariège.

We are to have races at Nice on January 20, 24, and February 7; and pigeon shooting at Monaco on January 4, 8, 11, 15, 19, 22, 23, 26, and 28. The races comprise one prize of £400; two of £200, two of £120, three of £100, and one of £80. An indemnity of £12 will be given to the owners of the horses that win nothing towards their expenses. The Grand International Pigeon Shooting Matches will take place on January 19, 22, 23, 26, and 28. On the first day the Prix d'Essai will be shot for, consisting of £80 in moneys, a work of art, and a sweepstake of £2. On the second and third days we have the Grand Prix du Casino, of £800 in money, a work of art worth £120, and a sweepstake of £5. On the fourth day there is the Prix de Monte Carlo, a free handicap of £120; and on the fifth day come the Consolation Stakes, consisting of a work of art and £40 in money.

In Paris—as, indeed, is the case in almost every other Continental capital—a discussion is periodically raised, without, of course, producing the slightest effect, about the price of oysters. The municipal council has recently announced that the tax on such of these luxuries as enter the capital will shortly be increased, and the *marchands d'huîtres*, or oyster dealers, without waiting for the new tax to be imposed, have, without a moment's hesitation, increased the price of these already costly delicacies 20, 30, and even 40 centimes a dozen, according to their quality. Now, the ordinary Paris oysters, or the *piéds de cheval*, as they are commonly termed, weigh about 16 kilogrammes the 100, and the new tax for this category is 6 fr. the 100 kilogrammes. As a 100 oysters weigh the sixth part of 100 kilogrammes, the duty on them would be about a franc, that is to say, one centime per oyster, or 12 centimes for 12. It is tolerably clear from these figures, which I have every reason to believe are correct, that the oyster vendors are making an extra profit of 8 centimes per dozen on the commonest kind of oyster, and more in proportion on the superior kinds, upon the pretext that the tax has been increased. Nothing, however, short of a general strike among their customers is likely to produce the slightest effect, for the oyster dealers of Paris are in the habit of meeting together once a year, and fixing the rate at which oysters shall be sold, throughout the capital, for the ensuing year and period

of twelve months, and the arrangements that they make on that occasion are said to be like the laws of the Medes and Persians—unalterable.

The game market of La Vallée is at present abundantly supplied with game, pheasants and venison being exceedingly plentiful; larks and thrushes come—the former from Pithiviers, and the latter from the Ardennes—by hundreds, and are in excellent condition. I have seen a few woodcock there during the last few days, but they are rather dear, and snipe are very scarce indeed. Only six or eight wild boar have arrived since the commencement of the season. Here are a few of the current prices: Large deer, each 50 fr. to 60 fr.; medium ditto, 30 fr. to 40 fr.; stags, with fine antlers, 150 fr. to 200 fr.; does, 80 fr. to 100 fr.; wild boar, 70 fr. to 90 fr.; French hares, 7 fr. to 7 fr. 50 c.; German ditto, 6 fr. 50 c. to 7 fr. 50 c.; grey partridges, first quality, 3 fr. 50 c. to 4 fr.; ditto from Brittany, 2 fr. 50 c. to 3 fr.; red-legged ditto, 3 fr. to 3 fr. 15 c.; woodcock, 6 fr. 50 c. to 7 fr. 50 c.; fat larks (per dozen), 3 fr. to 3 fr. 50 c.; wild rabbits, 1 fr. 75 c. to 1 fr. 25 c.; cock pheasants, 8 fr. to 10 fr.; hen ditto, 6 fr. to 8 fr.

Wolves have made their appearance with the cold weather in various parts of France. The other day, at a glass factory near Lons-le-Saulnier, three of these animals ventured within fifty yards of the proprietor's dwelling house. They were perceived by one of the servants, who informed his master, and the latter succeeded in killing a magnificent bitch, eighteen months old. He followed the other two into the wood, and killed one of them, and the next day; his keeper wounded the third. The other day near Allègre the wolves killed four sheep, within a stone's throw of the village, and the inhabitants assert that there are at least ten or twelve prowling about in the woods that surround it. Just now there is quite an outcry in France about the damage done by wolves. In those parts of France where these animals abound, there are packs of wolf-hounds, and masters of wolf-hounds, the expense of keeping up the kennels being partly defrayed by the *commune*, and partly by the master, the post which he occupies being considered a most honourable one. Now Frenchmen declare that wolves would have been exterminated long ago if the masters of wolf-hounds had only set to work properly; but it seems they encourage the wolves during the greater part of the year for sake of the sport in the winter months. People who are supposed to know something about the matter assert that these gentlemen would be exceedingly annoyed if the wolves were to disappear altogether. It is announced that the man and boy who were so severely bitten by a wolf the other day near Angoulême, while endeavouring to rescue a child, have since died of hydrophobia.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation has recently received a collection of Chinese and Japanese fish, among which are specimens of a species that at times afford the Annamites considerable amusement. They take a couple of fine subjects, and put them into two glass globes, which are then placed close together. The fish begin, almost immediately, to watch each other; suddenly they change colour and become black, and their eyes shine in a most peculiar manner, until they eventually dash against the sides of the glass globes. When their fury has attained what is considered to be its highest possible pitch, the spectators remove them from the globes and place them together in a large aquarium. A fearful fight then ensues, and generally terminate in one or both of the fish seeking safety in flight, changing their colour to a clear grey as they swim away.

The theatrical season is now at its full height in Paris, and promises to be a most successful one. The question of the inaugural ceremony of the new Opéra is still at *l'ordre du jour*, and seems as far as ever from being decided. At a recent meeting of the Consultative Theatrical Commission, M. Ambroise Thomas protested against the assertion that he had imposed his opera of *Hamlet* on M. Halanzier, and demanded that the inaugural programme should be composed of fragments of the works of French composers. A member then proposed—(1) the overture of *La Muette* (Auber); (2) the first and second acts of *La Juive* (Halévy); (3) the third and fourth acts of *Hamlet* (A. Thomas). Another member objected to this programme, calling attention to the exclusion of Gounod, and to the petty place granted to Auber. He demanded that an act of *Faust* should be substituted for one of those of *La Juive* or *Hamlet*. The director of the Opéra replied that the scenery of *Faust* was not ready, to which a member retorted by demanding that instructions be immediately given to ensure its completion by the end of the month. After considerable conversation on the point, the committee eventually separated without coming to any decisive resolution. The proposal, which originated, I believe, with Madame de MacMahon, that M. Garnier's magnificent temple of music should open with a charity ball, has been definitely abandoned. There have been some trials this week in reference to the new house's acoustical properties, and it has been decided to raise the orchestra, which was found to be placed too low.

The dramatic event of the week has been the first performance of Victorien Sardou's new drama, *La Haine*, at the Gaité, and the triumphant success of which has more than atoned for the more or less indifferent receptions of *L'Oncle Sam* and *Les Merveilles*. *La Haine* is a drama of great power, giving evidence of wonderful fertility of conception, written in a most pointed style, superbly interpreted, and put upon the stage in the most magnificent manner. The scene is laid at Sienna, at the time of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, when the partisans of the Pope and the Emperor were continually waging war against each other. Orso, the plebeian Guelph, loves Cordelia Saraceni, the daughter of the noble Ghibeline chief. Spurned by the latter, Orso revolts. Leading on his followers, he besieges the Saraceni Palace, captures it by assault, and treats Cordelia like the vilest *courtisane*. The latter, to revenge her honour, unites herself with Uberta, her foster-mother, whose son had been slain by Orso. During a popular rising she sallies forth and stabs her seducer in the heart. To assure herself that he is dead, she seeks for his corpse, and finds him stretched agonising on the ground. At this view her feminine nature gains the upper hand; pity enters her soul, and she saves and ends by loving Orso. But when happiness seems near at hand, when, thanks to Orso, whom love has rendered eloquent, Guelphs and Ghibelines have united against the Emperor Charles IV., and are, to all appearances, reconciled, Cordelia finds herself in presence of her brother Guigula's implacable hatred. He spurns the notion of an alliance with the plebeian leader, and, rather than give his sister to him, prefers to poison her on the steps of the cathedral altar where she has taken refuge to pray. Cordelia shrieks for help, and when Orso and the populace rush in, they find her writhing in agony. Everyone proclaims that it is the plague, and rushes terrified from the cathedral, where the two lovers alone remain. In accordance with the laws of the epoch, the door is closed upon them, and they are abandoned to their fate. Orso calls in vain upon those outside to open, and strives uselessly to find a means of escape; all is in vain. During his superhuman efforts the wound inflicted by Cordelia reopens, and he staggers back to the altar to die, with her already inanimate form clasped in his arms. The above is but a brief sketch of the principal action of the plot, for to relate the story fully would require more space than can be given here. The acting is in every respect most remarkable, and

Lafontaine as 'Orso,' Mdlle. Lia Félix as 'Cordelia,' and Mdlle. Laurent as 'Uberta,' repeatedly brought down the house. The scenery and costumes are most gorgeous, and the grand religious procession which takes place in the third act is of unexampled pomp and magnificence. The music, composed by M. Offenbach, is of an exceptionally high order of merit. It comprises a chorus of Ghibeline soldiers, a chorus of women, a battle *entr'acte*, a grand processional march, and a religious hymn, "Sponsa Dei," the whole being of a purely lyrical character, showing that the author of *La Belle Hélène* is as much at home with serious as with comic music.

Among the other theatrical novelties of the week, I must mention *Cocagne*, a five-act drama by M. Ferdinand Dugué, brought out at the Ambigu, and the scene of which is laid at the close of the reign of Louis XIII. *Cocagne*, or Gaston de Chairgny, is one of those well-known theatrical heroes whose business it is to strut across the stage in high boots, a scarlet cloak, and a plumed hat, and to deliver the heroine at the opportune moment, unmask the villain's intrigues, and receive in the final act the customary reward for virtue, courage, and fidelity. The plot of *Cocagne* is far from original, but several of its scenes are amusing, and the part of the hero is capably interpreted by M. Paul Deshayes, whose recent success in *L'Officier de Fortune* revealed him to be a *jeune premier* of more than ordinary merit. He showed himself quite equal to Malenque in the rôle of 'Cocagne,' which is bestowing no little praise upon him.

The Odéon has given us this week a four-act comedy, by a new dramatic writer, M. Louis Davyl. The piece in question, which bears the intriguing title of *La Maîtresse Légitime*, has been most favourably received, and seems likely to procure a reputation for its author; although it bears in parts signs of inexperience, and is not always true to life. It is nevertheless a work of merit, and, interpreted by the talented young Odéon company, its amusing and rapid dialogue frequently elicited the applause of the house. André Dalesmes, the director of an important factory in the vicinity of Paris, is living in the capital with Marthe Régis, the wife of a card-sharper, from whom she is judicially separated. A commercial crisis seriously affects the position of Dalesmes, and the day at length arrives when he cannot pay his workpeople. Ruin stares him in the face, when his mistress comes to his assistance, and by pawning her diamonds procures the necessary money. The enemies of Dalesmes, however, persevere in their efforts to ruin him, and his friends urge him to abandon Marthe and to marry a rich heiress. Placed in the predicament of choosing between the two, André nobly declines to abandon the woman who has sacrificed everything for him; and the result proves that he has acted rightly, for the heiress in question, who is in love with another personage, completes the efforts of Marthe by taking a share in Dalesmes' factory. The latter can then raise his head, pay his debts, and espouse Marthe Régis, whose husband at this point opportunely quits the stage of life. The chief rôles are played by M. Georges Richard, M. Porel, and Mdlles. Baretta and Léonide Leblanc.

I have also to chronicle this week the first performance at the Opéra Comique of *Beppo*, by M. Comte. It met with a complete failure. MM. Vergnet and Manoury have debuted this week at the Opéra, the first in the part of 'Faust,' the second in that of 'Valentin'; neither of them achieved any great success.

It is announced that M. Jules Moinaux has brought an action against M. Ch. Lecocq, of *Madame Angot* and *Giroflé* celebrity, in reference to the comic opera of *Don Juan XIV*, which the two were writing together. E. A. V.

## Sporting Intelligence.

## RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—DR. JOHNSON.

THE hopes entertained by those who stood Congress for the Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase, run at Croydon last week, that the case would be reopened, were not very long-lived, for an official notice to the following effect was posted early on Monday at the sporting clubs, and in the afternoon at Tattersalls:—

"The Stewards who adjudicated at Croydon (in conjunction with Sir Charles Rushout) unanimously decline to reopen the objection against Congress.

"J. F. VERRALL, Clerk of the Course."

That Sir Charles Rushout, with all the facts so patiently investigated by and so clearly proved to the satisfaction of his brother stewards, could come to any other conclusion than to give his assent to their finding, only those doubted who had an interest in its reversal. The protest was at best but a weak one, and even Mr. Wilson must have regarded it as *dernier ressort*, from which he had little to hope in the face of the National Hunt Rules, which makes the decision of the majority of the stewards present at any meeting binding in respect to every such objection as was so properly brought before Sir George Chetwynd, Mr. T. V. Morgan, and Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, by Gavin, the rider of Clonave, and which was so promptly adjudicated upon by them. If in the casual absence of Sir Charles Rushout, who was during the hearing of the case more pleasantly engaged at luncheon with some of his former brother officers opposite the range of stands, it was sought to make him believe that an intentional slight had been put upon him by his not being summoned to take part in the councils of his brother stewards, it signally failed. That Clonave's chance of winning had been seriously interfered with, if not entirely destroyed, by the manner in which Mr. Wilson on Congress jostled and bored upon him for several strides immediately after jumping the last flight of hurdles, was palpable even on the stands, and the evidence of R. l'Anson and other jockeys who rode in the race, to that effect, being confirmed by Judge Clarke, no option remained for the stewards but to disqualify Congress. It is nothing to the point that the jostling and crossing was not intentional on the part of Mr. Wilson, for the fact remained that Clonave's chance of winning was seriously jeopardised by it. Nor does the assertion of those who backed Congress hold good, that admitting he was swerved against after jumping the last flight of hurdles, the long run home gave him sufficient time to recover and win, had he been good enough. Those who argue after such fashion would give the battle to the strong, and are consequently the greatest enemies of this bold and popular sport. Had the decision not been in favour of Clonave, such would have been the case in this instance, as the Irish horse, neither in size nor weight, was fitted to cope with Congress, had crossing and jostling been "all in," as was occasionally the custom in some of the earlier contests of our ancestors even on the plains of Newmarket. The Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase, in falling to Sir Walter Nugent, who only in the spring of this year succeeded to the ancient baronetcy on the death of his lamented father, Sir Percy Nugent, was won by a right gallant gentleman, who served with no little distinction throughout the whole of the Crimean war. He was captain in the Iron Duke's regiment, the famous



33rd, one of the outlying detachments of which he commanded on that dark grey morning when the Russian hordes in overpowering numbers swarmed up the heights of Inkerman, in their terrible effort to wrest them from the British. For hours Captain Nugent was engaged in the thickest of that fearful fight, from which he happily escaped unscathed, and on the conclusion of the war retired from active service and settled in Westmeath, in the neighbourhood of Mullingar, where he bred Clonave, the most successful Irish-bred horse that has crossed the Channel since the days of Abd-el-Kader and Salamander. And very extraordinary it is how a horse possessing his remarkable strains of blood came to be bred in Ireland, as will be seen by his tabulated pedigree which I here annex:—

PEDIGREE OF CLONAVE.

Crystal	Violet	Mother Goose	Milesian	Peep	Vulcan	Crucifix	Crotchet	Nabier	Siberia	Ivan	Yan Trump	Liverpool	Tramp by Dick Andrews—D. of Gohanna—Fraxinella by Trentham—Decker—Camilla by Trentham—D. of Whisker—Mandane by Potros—Camilla by Wood-
												Otis	Bustard by Buzzard—Gipsy by Trumpeter—S. to Postmaster by Herod—Eclipse—Rosebud by Snap—D. of Election (Gohanna)—D. of Highflyer—D. of
												Sandbeck	Catton by Golumpus—Orvella by Denningbrough
												Darioletta	Amadis by Don Quixote—Selina by Selim
												Blacklock	Whitelock by Hambletonian—D. of Highflyer—Monomelia by Match'em—Snap—D. of Cade—D. of Corlander by Potros—Lavender by Herod—D. of
												Mandane	Potros by Eclipse—Y. Camilla by Woodpecker
												Blucher	Waxy by Potros—Pantina by Buzzard by Woodpecker
												Opal	Sir Peter by Highflyer—Olivia by Justice by Cypher
												Partisan	Walton by Sir Peter—Arethusa by Dungannon—D. of Prophet—Parasol by Potros—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Moses by Whalebone or Seymour—D. of Gohanna—Grey Skin—Canary by Corlander
												Pauline	Quadrille by Selim—Canary Bird by Whisky or Sorcerer
Crystal	Violet	Mother Goose	Milesian	Peep	Vulcan	Crucifix	Crotchet	Nabier	Siberia	Ivan	Yan Trump	Tramp	Dick Andrews by Joe Andrews (Eclipse)—D. of Highflyer—D. of Gohanna—Fraxinella by Trentham
												Rosamond	Buzzard by Woodpecker—Misfortune by Dux (Match'em)—Curiosity by Snap—Rosebery by Phenomenon—Miss West
												Lottery	Tramp, as above—Camilla by Trentham—Mandane by Potros—Y. Camilla by Woodpecker
												Morgiana	Muley by Orville—Eleanor by Whisky—Y. Giantess by Diomed—Giantess by Match'em—Miss Stephenson by Scud or Sorcerer—S. to Petworth
												Partisan	As above
												Quadrille	Selina by Buzzard—D. of Alexander—Canary Bird by Whisky or Sorcerer—Canary by Cori-
												Tramp	As above
												Dau. of	Whisker by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpeter—Prunella by Highflyer—Decker—Camilla by Trentham—Mandane by Potros (Eclipse)—Y. Camilla by Wood-
												Bustard	Buzzard by Woodpecker—Misfortune by Dux—Gipsy by Trumpeter—S. to Postmaster by Herod—Election by Gohanna (Mercury)—Chestnut Skin by Woodpecker
												Dau. of	Orville by Beningbrough—Evelina by Highflyer—Ter-
Crystal	Violet	Mother Goose	Milesian	Peep	Vulcan	Crucifix	Crotchet	Nabier	Siberia	Ivan	Yan Trump	Emilius	Orville by Beningbrough—Evelina by Highflyer—Ter-
												Cressida	Orville by Beningbrough—Evelina by Highflyer—Ter-
												Octavian	Orville by Beningbrough—Evelina by Highflyer—Ter-
												Dau. of	Orville by Beningbrough—Evelina by Highflyer—Ter-
												Lottery	Tramp, as above—Camilla by Trentham—Mandane by Potros—Y. Camilla by Woodpecker
												Wire	Waxy by Potros (Eclipse)—Maria by Herod—Lisette by Penelope by Trumpeter—Prunella by Highflyer (Snap)
												Teniers	Rubens by Buzzard—D. of Alexander—D. of Highflyer—Snowdrop by Highland Fling (Spadille)—Daisy by Buzzard
												Cora	Peruvian by Sir Peter—D. of Boudrow—Escape's dam by Squirrel—D. of Alexander—Berrington by Sweet William
												Irish Escape	Commodore by Tug (Herod)—Smallhopes by Scaramouch—D. of Highflyer—Shift by Sweetbriar—Black Susan by Fenelly's Highflyer by Highflyer—Tartar Mare Crazy by Woodpecker—S. to Mercury by Eclipse—
												Y. Crazy	Sir Peter by Highflyer—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleve-
Crystal	Violet	Mother Goose	Milesian	Peep	Vulcan	Crucifix	Crotchet	Nabier	Siberia	Ivan	Yan Trump	Stamford	Sir Peter by Highflyer—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleve-
												Duchess	Alexander by Eclipse—Grecian Princess by Forester—D. of Coalition cock—D. of Herod—D. of Oronoko—D. of Cartouch

It will be here seen that Clonave is descended from Duchess, who was bred by Mr. Wilson, the father of the English Turf, in 1792, by the famous Alexander, her dam by Herod out of a mare by Oronoko, her dam by Cartouch (son of the Bald Galloway) out of a mare by Sir John Sebright's Arabian. Mother Goose by Stamford, daughter of this mare, was imported into Ireland, where she bred to Milesius, the famous son of Irish Escape, the Irish Mother Goose, the dam of Violet, who, to Vulcan, bred Crystal, the dam of Clonave. The Irish Mother Goose, who had been long in the Nugent family at Donore, bred indifferently, and her fine breeding may be said to have lain almost dormant until her union with Vulcan produced Violet, whose blood exactly nicked with Crozier, as her daughter Crystal by that sire was a fair runner. But it remained for Crystal to distinguish herself far more at the stud than on the turf, for Captain Nugent, sticking to in-breeding, happily selected Mainstay to mate with her, and hence Clonave. From this selection any stud-master, believing in in-breeding, could hardly

doubt the cross proving successful. Both Crystal and Mainstay have a common origin, both being descended from Tramp, the stoutest runner of his day, and who, like the famous Blacklock, was bred by Mr. Watt, at Bishop Burton. Crystal has two crosses of this fine staying blood, one of which she gets through her sire, through Crozier, a son of Lanercost and Crucifix, who was imported into England by Mr. Wm. Hatch, of Ardee, in the County Louth, where he was almost lost, as he had nothing like the patronage accorded to him that was due to his fine breeding. And she derives her second cross through the famous Lottery, who, mated with Wire, produced Verulam, who begat Vulcan, the sire of Violet, the dam of Crystal. On the side of his sire Mainstay, Clonave, it will be seen in the pedigree tabulated above, has no fewer than three crosses of the Tramp blood, one like Crystal derived through Lanercost, another through Napier, whose dam Marion was by Tramp, and a third was by Sheet Anchor, who was by Lottery, and to add to the stoutness of this pedigree, it will be seen that Clonave possesses two close crosses of the Walton blood through his best son Partison, so that taken altogether this pedigree is well worth the study of those intent on breeding good horses. It may be objected that because Clonave is merely a steeple-chase horse he is not worth this long homily, but nevertheless the fact of the in-breeding remains, and it was to show how necessary it is to follow it has occasioned my giving his breeding in *extenso*, together with the foregoing remarks.

Though the frost occasioned a postponement of the last day of the Croydon meeting to Saturday, it was nevertheless a great success, and, but for the *fiasco* in respect to Congress, would have given unalloyed satisfaction. The principal event of the afternoon, the hurdle-race, fell to Industrious, a very clever youngster over timber, who will gain more credit for his sire, Blair Athol, by doing a better thing across the country next year. The hunters' race was also an interesting affair; but in the end Marmora gained a very clever victory over Cassock and Diamond, both of whom were fancied by their respective owners. The military race was remarkable for the defeat of the favourite Chilblain, owing to his having jumped the wrong side of one of the flags at the last flight of hurdles, when a slashing race ensued, which ended in favour of Jules, a son of Julius, by a head from John O'Groat. The other races do not call for further comment.

At Bromley there were large fields, and a series of close contests on Tuesday and Wednesday; but unhappily for the popular lessee of this well-conducted suburban meeting, the weather spoiled the attendance on the first day, heavy rain and boisterous winds prevailing throughout on both days. Noyre Tauren, with R. l'Anson in the saddle, was successful, winning the Railway Steeple-chase Handicap on the first day from Sir Robert Prinn, Patrick, Derviche, and three others, while on the second he beat President, Bashful, Derviche, and three others, for the Steeple-chase Handicap of £100. Both were run on the two-mile course, a distance that Noyre Tauren can just accomplish. Derviche cut up indifferently on both occasions, which does not say much for the class of horses that contended for the Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase at Croydon. Diamond, in the formidable Bishop Sutton stable, also achieved a brace of victories, steered by his popular owner. The stable were remarkably successful to pick up some of their Croydon losses when Marmora beat him. She was opposed to him on Tuesday for the Hunters' Steeple-chase Plate, over the new course, two miles and a half, but, not yet sufficiently trained to the jumping business, she came to grief when about half the distance had been accomplished. Mr. Percival also achieved a brace of victories with Coronet and Régénérateur. The former won the Bromley Hurdle Handicap from Industrious, Mobile II., and seven others so easily that people wondered what he could have been doing at Warwick; and equal surprise was expressed at Régénérateur's performance, as he fairly ran away from Emerald, Marlow, and eight others, among whom were Chancellor, Saccharine, and Derwent. Among the most successful performers on the second day was Little Rover, who, by the style in which he won the Beckenham Hurdle Handicap from Balquhidar, Juvenis, and nine others, including Régénérateur, Emerald, Caramel, Sweet Galangale, &c., gives promise of becoming a first-class horse over the country. The principal steeple-chase fell for the second year in succession to La Paresseuse, ridden by Cassidy, beating Merlin, Sparrow, and Mrs. Star. The latter, who is an Irish-bred mare, was the favourite, but her rider, Meany, seemed all abroad after going about two miles and a quarter, and, jumping the wrong side of a flag, carried the Sparrow with her, when both their chances were extinguished, leaving Mr. Poole's mare an easy victory. The remaining races were won by Schottische, Cassock, and Minnehaha, by Broomielaw, but they do not call for further notice.

RÉGÉNÉRATEUR, who is an own brother to Gladiateur, being by Monarque out of Miss Gladiator, won the Maiden Hurdle Race at Bromley on Tuesday. He was formerly the property of M. Lefevre, in whose name he last ran at Brighton in the selling race won by Electric. In the following week he was bought by Mr. Percival privately for 150 guineas. He ran unsuccessfully at Croydon last week.

STEEPLE-CHASING IN FRANCE.—Autenil [Steeple-chases will take place on Sunday next, the 13th inst., and Paris Steeple-chases on Wednesday, the 23rd.

PRAMIGAN.—This horse was sold to Mr. Masterman for 85 guineas, after running in a handicap hurdle race at Croydon, on Saturday.

THE BROMLEY DISPUTE.—The disputed question of bets on His Majesty and Victor Jane in the handicap hurdle race at Bromley will be laid before the Sub-Committee of the Grand National Hunt at their next meeting.

AMSTERDAM, 3 yrs., has been sold, the price, it is said, being £200. The horse has left Caswell's stable at Lewes, and gone to W. Clay's, at Jevington, whence he will proceed to Italy.

PEYO, who was sold for 200 guineas, last Monday fortnight, at Tattersall's, has returned to Lambourne, and gone into Humphreys's stable. His new owner has added him to the list of geldings.

SURREY was bought in for 120 guineas on winning the opening race at Croydon, on Saturday; the filly by Monarque out of Baionnette for 105 guineas, on carrying off the second event; and Breach of Promise for 120 guineas, after the final race of the day.

BRAS DE FER.—After his success in the Selling Hurdle Race at Bromley on Tuesday, this horse was sold to Mr. Beadman for 145 guineas. The filly by Monarque out of Baionnette, who was unplaced, also changed hands, she being claimed by Mr. Hunt.

MONARCH OF THE GLEN.—The bay yearling filly that obtained the first prize at the North-East Association Show at Belfast in June last, by Monarch of the Glen out of Pirate Queen, by Buccaneer, bred by Mr. Hugh Arnold, of Stockbridge, Donaghadee, County Down, has been purchased from him by Mr. D. Paley, V.S., of Dublin, for W. S. Garnett, Esq., at £150.

LAMBOURNE.—F. Lynham has taken Lambourne House, lately occupied by B. G. Rous. The following horses have been sent there from the Red Lion Inn, namely, Old Fashion, Lady Constance, Lytton, and four yearlings, viz., Maltonian (by Westwick out of Affection), colt by Cambuscan out of Belle of Warwick, colt by Saunterer out of Kate Dayrell, and a colt by King of Trumps. Cassock will also join them after his return from Bromley.

CLONAVE.—On Saturday Sir Walter Nugent's horse, Clonave, the winner of the Grand Metropolitan at Croydon, arrived at the North-wall with his rider, P. Gavin. The horse at once proceeded to King's-bridge, en route for Monahan's, at the Curragh.

THE BAIONNETTE FILLY.—This filly was claimed for Mr. Jesse Winfield after running in the Selling Hurdle Race at Bromley on Tuesday, but through a misapprehension she was afterwards conveyed to London by her trainer. An arrangement was subsequently made for her delivery to Mr. Winfield, and she will henceforth be trained by Hunt at Newmarket.

ACTION FOR ALLEGED SALE OF A HORSE.—On Wednesday, in the Court of Exchequer, before the Lord Chief Baron and a Middlesex special jury, the case of Cottrell v. Kaye was heard. It was an action brought by Mr. Cottrell, a horse-dealer in Halkin Street, Belgrave Square, against Sir J. Lister Kaye, to recover £530 odd, being the price of certain horses sold to, and other items of account claimed from the defendant. The pleas were never indebted as regards £112 now paid into court. Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Barnard were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Cole, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Thomas for the defendant. In the course of transactions which took place between the parties, the plaintiff sold the defendant certain horses. No objection was made by the defendant to any of the items, but he said that in respect to one particular horse charged to him he had paid the value of it to Lord Parker, who was the rightful owner of it, and not the plaintiff. The question involved was whether the noble lord had or had not authorised the plaintiff to sell the horse, a very handsome bay. The plaintiff's contention was that Lord Parker named £120 to him as the price, but it was subsequently arranged that £70 would be taken for him, and that he consequently sold him to a Mr. Rennison for the latter sum. Making great improvement, the animal was soon afterwards considered one of the handsomest horses and finest steppers in London, and his value was increased enormously. He was offered to Sir Robert Peel for 500 guineas, and was sought for by Mr. Alfred Rothschild with much eagerness. Some short time before this the defendant purchased from the plaintiff a cab-horse for 400 guineas, but being dissatisfied with him he offered to exchange him for the horse in dispute. The plaintiff then bought back Lord Parker's animal from Mr. Rennison for £370, and handed him over to the defendant in exchange for the horse he had sold him. Lord Parker, on his return from America, denied that he gave the plaintiff authority to sell him for £70, and having claimed the horse as his from the defendant, received from the latter payment, and Sir John Lister Kaye now denied the right of the plaintiff to charge him with the price. The plaintiff having given evidence, his lordship stated that, in July, 1873, he sent the horse to the plaintiff with instructions to sell him if he could get £120 for him; but finding, in September, that he had not been sold, he told his brother to tell plaintiff to send the horse to Sherborne Castle. Plaintiff had had no authority for disposing of him in the way mentioned. The Lord Chief Baron here stopped the case, observing that there was no evidence to support the plaintiff's claim, and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

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